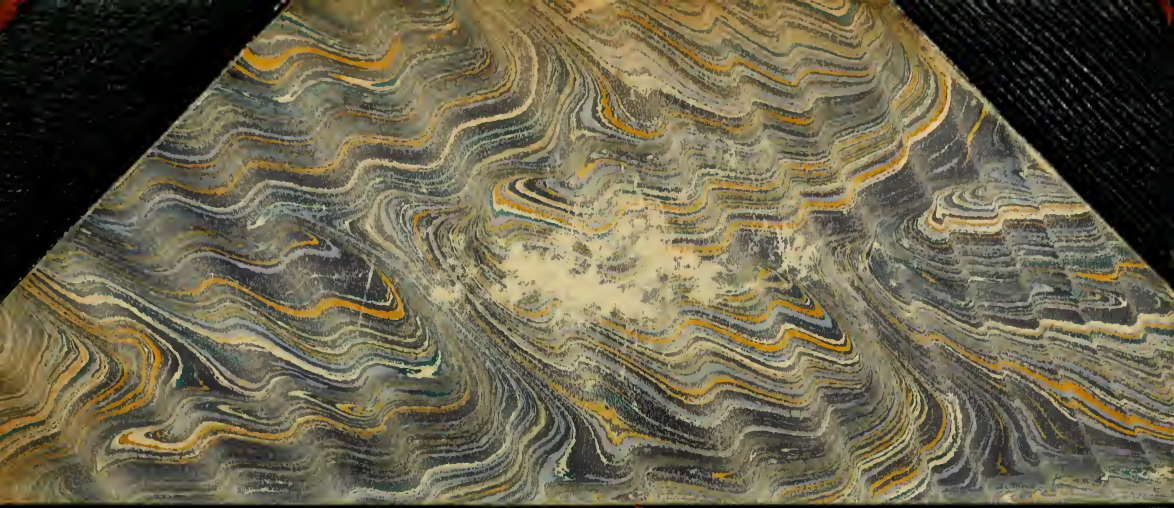

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTY-SIXTH.

LONDON:

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THE

SIXTY-SIXTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING THE

FIRST PART OF CHURCHILL.

VOL. LXVI. a

THE

POEMS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE

ROSCIAD.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aſpiring play'r
Puſh'd all his int'reſt for the vacant chair.
The buſkin'd heroes of the mimic ſtage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condeſcends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's ſake tells undeſerv'd miſhaps,
And, their applauſe to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a ſuppliant's form aſſume,
In pompous ſtrain ſight o'er th' extinguiſh'd war,
And ſhew where honour bled in ev'ry ſcar.

But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The ſtrongeſt plea for favour, 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will beſt ſucceed, who beſt can pay:
Thoſe, who would gain the votes of Britiſh tribes,
Muſt add to force of merit, force of bribes.

What can an actor give? In ev'ry age
Caſh hath been rudely baniſh'd from the ſtage;
Monarchs themſelves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:

They can't, like candidate for other ſeat,
Pour ſeas of wine, and mountains raiſe of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as ſoon,
And of roaſt beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give; could Clive do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?

Shuter keeps open houſe at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For thoſe who laughter love, inſtead of meat;
Foote, at Old Houſe, for even Foote will be,
In ſelf-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinſon at ſecond-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs ſev'ral ways,
As paſſion, humour, int'reſt, party ſways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dreſs well choſen, or a patch miſplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create diſtaſte.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praiſes—he's ſo *droll*.
Embox'd, the ladies muſt have ſomething ſmart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of ſize;
Whilſt to ſix feet the vig'rous ſtripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

When place of judgment is by whim ſupply'd,
And our opinions have their riſe in pride;

When,

When, in diſcourſing on each mimic elf,
We praiſe and cenſure with an eye to ſelf;
All muſt meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In ſuch a court, as Garrick, for the chair.
At length agreed, all ſquabbles to decide,
By ſome one judge the cauſe was to be try'd;
But this their ſquabbles *did* afreſh renew,
Who ſhould be judge in ſuch a trial:—Who?
For Johnſon ſome, but Johnſon, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd:
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He ſicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peeviſh tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy ſome few *pilf'ring* wits declar'd,
Whilſt Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wiſdom ſtar'd.
To miſchief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains riſe,
And reach the heights which honeſt men deſpiſe;
Mute at the bar, and in the ſenate loud,
Dull 'mongſt the dulleſt, proudeſt of the proud;
A pert, prim, prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth;—and thrice he wav'd his lilly hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice ſtrok'd his band—
"At Friendſhip's call (thus oft with trait'rous aim,
Men, void of faith, uſurp faith's ſacred name)
"At Friendſhip's call I come, by Murphy ſent,
"Who thus by me *developes* his intent.

" But leſt, *transfus'd*, the ſpirit ſhould be loſt,
" That ſpirit which in ſtorms of *Rhet'ric* toſt,
" Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
" In his own words his own intentions hear.
" Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes born,
" No robes of fur theſe ſhoulders muſt adorn.
" Vain your applauſe, no aid from thence I draw;
" Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
" Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I ſtrove to gain
" Admittance 'mongſt the law-inſtructed train,
" Who, in the Temple and Gray's-Inn, prepare
" For clients wretched feet the legal ſnare:
" Dead to thoſe arts, which poliſh and refine,
" Deaf to all worth, becauſe that worth was *mine*,
" Twice did theſe blockheads ſtartle at my name,
" And foul rejection gave me up to ſhame.
" To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,
" And plans of far more lib'ral note purſue.
" Who will may be a judge—my kindling breaſt
" Burns for that chair which Roſcius once poſſeſs'd.
" *Here* give your votes, your int'reſt *here* exert,
" And let ſucceſs for *once* attend deſert."

With ſleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his *modeſt* plea,—
" Let Favour ſpeak for others, Worth for me."—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into ſo many ſhapes, and ſhine in all?
Who could ſo nobly grace the motley liſt,
Actor, inſpector, doctor, botaniſt?

Knows

Knows any one ſo well—ſure no one knows,—
At once to *play*, *preſcribe*, *compound*, *compoſe?*
Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill ſlipp'd away,
Melting, like ghoſts, before the riſing day.

* With that *low* Cunning, which in fools ſupplies,
And amply too, the place of being wiſe,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that *ſmooth* Falſhood, whoſe appearance charms,
And reaſon of each wholſome doubt diſarms,
Which to the loweſt depths of guile deſcends,
By vileſt means purſues the vileſt ends,
Wears friendſhip's maſk for purpoſes of ſpite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that *malignant* Envy, which turns pale,
And ſickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and ſucceſs purſues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the *cold* Caution of a coward's ſpleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always ſeeks a ſcreen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's *baſely* done, ſhould be done *ſafely* too;
With that *dull*, *rooted*, *callous* Impudence,
Which, dead to ſhame, and ev'ry nicer ſenſe,

* This ſevere character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a perſon who had rendered himſelf remarkable by his activity in the playhouſe riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad. E.

Ne'er bluſh'd, unleſs, in ſpreading Vice's ſnares,
She blunder'd on ſome virtue *unawares* ;
With all theſe bleſſings, which we ſeldom find
Laviſh'd by nature on *one* happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can ſcarce conceive, or pen deſcribe,
Came *ſimp'ring* on ; to aſcertain whoſe ſex
Twelve, ſage, *impanell'd* matrons would perplex.
Nor *male*, nor *female* ; *neither*, and yet both ;
Of *neuter* gender, tho' of *Iriſh* growth ;
A ſix-foot ſuckling, mincing in *its* gait ;
Affected, peeviſh, prim, and delicate ;
Fearful *it* ſeem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Leſt *brutal breezes* ſhould too roughly ſhake
Its tender form, and *ſavage* motion ſpread,
O'er *its* pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did *it* talk, in *its* own *pretty* phraſe,
Of genius and of taſte, of play'rs and plays ;
Much too of writings, which *itſelf* had wrote,
Of ſpecial merit, tho' of little note ;
For Fate, in a ſtrange humour, had decreed
That what *it* wrote, none but *itſelf* ſhould read ;
Much too it chatter'd of *dramatic* laws,
Misjudging critics, and miſplac'd applauſe,
Then, with a ſelf-complacent jutting air,
It ſmil'd, it ſmirk'd, it wriggled to the chair ;
And, with an aukward briſkneſs not *its* own,
Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
Triumphant ſeem'd, when that ſtrange ſavage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,

Plain

Plain Common Senſe appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant ſaw, and blaſted with her frown,
To *its* firſt ſtate of nothing melted down.

Nor ſhall the Muſe (for even there the pride
Of this *vain nothing* ſhall be mortified)
Nor ſhall the Muſe (ſhould Fate ordain her rimes,
Fond, pleaſing thought! to live in after-times)
With ſuch a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the *thing* forgot;
Let *it*, to diſappoint each future aim,
Live without ſex, and die without a name!

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate ſires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their laſt; whoſe ſluggiſh blood, half froze,
Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins; whoſe heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat;—a ſervile race,
Who in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient ſchools,
Bigots to Greece, and ſlaves to muſty rules;
With ſolemn conſequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cauſe but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obſequious to the ſacred dictate, bow'd.

When, from amidſt the throng, a youth ſtood forth,
Unknown his perſon, not unknown his worth;
His look beſpoke applauſe; alone he ſtood,
Alone he ſtemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;

With

With noble rev'rence ſpoke of Greece and Rome,
And ſcorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.
" But more than juſt to other countries grown,
" Muſt we turn baſe apoſtates to our own?
" Where do theſe words of Greece and Rome excel,
" That England may not pleaſe the ear as well?
" What mighty magic's in the place or air,
" That all perfection needs muſt centre there?
" In ſtates, let ſtrangers blindly be preferred;
" In ſtate of letters, merit ſhould be heard.
" Genius is of no country, her pure ray
" Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
" Foe to reſtraint, from place to place ſhe flies,
" And may hereafter e'en in Holland riſe.
" May not (to give a pleaſing fancy ſcope,
" And chear a patriot heart with patriot hope)
" May not ſome great extenſive Genius raiſe
" The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praiſe;
" And, whilſt brave thirſt of fame his boſom warms,
" Make England great in letters as in arms?
" There may—there hath—and Shakeſpeare's muſe
" aſpires
" Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
" Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
" Whilſt Sophocles below ſtands trembling at his height.
" Why ſhould we then abroad for judges roam,
" When abler judges we may find at home?
" Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
" Have we not Shakeſpeare?—Is not Jonſon ours?

" For

" For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
" They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote."

He said, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her sway,
And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
Shakespeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
Joint-judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
Mean-time the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
To ask or tell his name—Who is it?—LLOYD.

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly stood forth the advocate of truth;
Confuted falsehood, and disabled pride,
Whilst baffled age stood snarling at his side.

The day of tryal's fix'd, nor any fear
Lest day of tryal should be put off here.
Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal: from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support:
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;

No

No gownſmen, partial to a client's cauſe,
To their own purpoſe tun'd the pliant laws.
Each judge was true and ſteady to his truſt,
As Mansfield wiſe, and as old Foſter * juſt.
In the firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat Shakeſpeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the maſter's ſkill:
Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd thro' Nature at a ſingle view:
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;
Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing Nature's bounds, was ſomething more.
Next Jonſon ſat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment Fancy's flights reſtrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her courſe, nor ſpar'd a glorious fault.
The book of man he read with niceſt art,
And ranſack'd all the ſecrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmoſt force,
And trac'd each paſſion to its proper ſource;
Then ſtrongly mark'd, in livelieſt colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a laſh in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.

* Sir Michael Foſter, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

His

His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.
But, hark !—The trumpet ſounds, the crowd gives way,
And the proceſſion comes in juſt array.
Now ſhould I, in ſome ſweet poetic line,
Offer up incenſe at Apollo's ſhrine;
Invoke the Muſe to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a ſleeping ode.
For how ſhould mortal man, in mortal verſe,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearſe?
But give, kind Dullneſs, memory and rime,
We'll put off Genius till another time.
Firſt, Order came,—with ſolemn ſtep, and ſlow,
In meaſur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he caſt his eye,
Leſt This ſhould quit his place, That ſtep awry.
Appearances to ſave his only care;
So things ſeem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents ſaw themſelves renew'd,
Begotten by *Sir* Critic on *Saint* Prude.
Then came *drum*, *trumpet*, *kautboy*, *fiddle*, *flute*;
Next *ſnuffer*, *ſweeper*, *ſkifter*, *ſoldier*, *mute*:
Legions of angels all in *white* advance;
Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the treaſurer of either houſe;
One with full purſe, t'other with not a ſous.

Behind,

Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of ſtate;
By lace and feather conſecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.
Here Havard, all ſerene, in the ſame ſtrains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His eaſy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Stateſman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a ſentence, as curs mouth a bone.
Next Holland came.—With truly tragic ſtalk,
He creeps, he flies.—A hero ſhould not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries againſt the ſkies;
Attitude, action, air, pauſe, ſtart, ſigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made uſe of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other ſtage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an eaſy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of ſomething better we have ſeen before.
The actor who would build a ſolid fame,
Muſt imitation's ſervile arts diſclaim;
Act from himſelf, on his own bottom ſtand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at ſecond-hand.
Behind came King.—Bred up in modeſt lore,
Baſhful and young he fought Hibernia's ſhore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchleſs intrepidity of face.

From

From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all ſenſe of ſhame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to ſurpaſs,
'Mongſt Drury's ſons he comes, and ſhines in Braſs.
Lo Yates!—Without the leaſt fineſſe of art
He gets applauſe—I wiſh he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is ſent,
And ſtands on tip-toe for ſome wiſh'd event,
I hate thoſe careleſs blunders which recall
Suſpended ſenſe, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarſeſt features we behold,
Where, deſtitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jeſts are blurted in your face,
There Yates with juſtice ſtrict attention draws,
Acts truly from himſelf, and gains applauſe.
But when to pleaſe himſelf or charm his wife,
He aims at ſomething in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's ſtubborn plan,
He treads the ſtage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dreſs'd in Clincher's cloaths.
Fond of his dreſs, fond of his perſon grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himſelf unknown,
From ſide to ſide he ſtruts, he ſmiles, he prates,
And ſeems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great maſter in the ſcience of grimace,

From

From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleaſing proſpect of renown;
A ſpeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twiſts, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to ſenſe the conqueſt of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourſelves, and curſe our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally miſplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taſte;
Hence hath the town ſo often ſeen diſplay'd
Beau in burleſque, high life in maſquerade.
But when bold wits, not ſuch as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in theſe inſipid days,
Some comic character, ſtrong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremeſt verge,
Where modeſt Judgment her decree ſuſpends,
And for a time, nor cenſures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the ſpot,
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
There Woodward ſafely ſhall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he ſhews deſert.
Hence he in Bobadil ſuch praiſes bore,
Such worthy praiſes, Kitely ſcarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kind of ſhapes,
Conſtant to none, Foote laughs, cries, ſtruts and ſcrapes:
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus ſhifts, *Bawd, Parſon, Auctioneer.*
His ſtrokes of humour, and his burſts of ſport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, *Diſtort.*

Doth

Doth a man ſtutter, look a-ſquint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
With perſonal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public ſcorn.
E'en I, whom Nature caſt in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, ſhe trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinſon this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even ſhadows have their ſhadows too!
With not a ſingle comic pow'r endu'd,
The firſt a mere mere mimic's mimic ſtood;
The laſt by Nature form'd to pleaſe, who ſhows,
In Jonſon's Stephen, which way Genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his ſhrug, his wink, his ſtare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd before.
When a dull copier ſimple grace neglects,
And reſts his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but ſuch vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perverſeſt mood,
With no one requiſite of art endu'd,
Next Jackſon came.—Obſerve that ſettled glare,
Which better ſpeaks a puppet than a player:
Liſt to that voice—did ever Diſcord hear
Sounds ſo well fitted to her untun'd ear?

When, to enforce ſome very tender part,
The right-hand ſleeps by inſtinct on the heart,
His ſoul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He ſobs and pants to ſoothe his weeping ſpouſe,
To ſoothe his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Aukward, embarraſs'd, ſtiff, without the ſkill
Of moving gracefully, or ſtanding ſtill,
One leg, as if ſuſpicious of his brother,
Deſirous ſeems to run away from t' other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead cuſtom's force, and ſtill poſſeſs the ſtage.
That's vile—Should we a parent's faults adore,
And err, becauſe our fathers err'd before?
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jeſt they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the ſimple ſcene,
Shall we, if reaſon rightly is employ'd,
Not ſee their faults, or ſeeing not avoid?
When Falſtaff ſtands detected in a lye,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glaſſy eye?
Why?—There's no cauſe—at leaſt no cauſe we know—
It was the faſhion twenty years ago.
Faſhion, a word which knaves and fools may uſe
Their knavery and folly to excuſe.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of ſenſe.

Yet (tho' in ſome particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where Mode prevails)

If

If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All Gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An Act of Toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features,
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne, you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—Himself, the first and last,—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like *Sectsmen*, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Tho' the Knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching slow,
A band of malecontents with spleen o'erflow;

Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curſe the Managers, and curſe the Town,
Whoſe partial favour keeps ſuch merit down.
But if ſome man, more hardy than the reſt,
Should dare attack theſe *gnatlings* in their neſt;
At once they riſe with impotence of rage,
Whet their ſmall ſtings, and buzz about the ſtage.
" 'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
" To arm ſatyric truth againſt a player?
" Preſcriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
" Actors, unlaſh'd themſelves, may laſh mankind."
What! ſhall opinion then, of Nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To ruſt in chains like theſe, impos'd by things
Which, leſs than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curſe the freedom of each honeſt line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the Muſe freely thinks, ſhe'll freely ſpeak.
With juſt diſdain of ev'ry paltry ſneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpoſe fix'd, and to herſelf a rule,
Public contempt ſhall wait the public fool.
Auſtin would always gliſten in French ſilks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour pleaſe?
Who can, like Packer, charm with ſprightly eaſe?
Higher than all the reſt, ſee Branſby ſtrut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!

Ludicrous

Ludicrous Nature! which at once could ſhew
A man ſo very high, ſo very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I ſay
Aught hurtful, may I never ſee thee play.
Let critics, with a ſupercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is ſtill at top;—but ſcorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, univerſally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taſte.
Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random cenſur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their ſport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the raſcal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country baniſh'd, ſeek our own.
At length, howe'er, the flaviſh chain is broke,
And Senſe awaken'd, ſcorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raiſe
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praiſe.
Next came the legion, which our *Summer* Bayes,
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raiſe,
Fluſh'd with vaſt hopes, and certain to ſucceed
With Wits who cannot write, and ſcarce can read.
Vet'rans no more ſupport the rotten cauſe,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applauſe;
Each on himſelf determines to rely,
Be Yates diſbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs ſo well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to Wit.

So loud each tongue, ſo empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, ſo very little ſaid,
So wond'rous dull, and yet ſo wond'rous vain,
At once ſo willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reaſon ſwore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty maſter's ſoul inform'd them all.

As one with various diſappointments ſad,
Whom Dullneſs only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the reſt great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the ſons of Nonſenſe hail him SIRE,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and SQUIRE,
His reſtleſs ſoul's ambition ſtops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him PLAYER.

In perſon tall, a figure form'd to pleaſe,
If ſymmetry could charm, depriv'd of eaſe;
When motionleſs he ſtands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the *Thing* was made to move.

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried ſound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow cheſt the low ſepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and ſtruggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All muſt to him reſign the foremoſt place.
When he attempts, in ſome one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honeſt features the diſguiſe defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or ſtupidly ſerene.

In

In cold-wrought ſcenes the lifeleſs actor flags,
In paſſion, tears the paſſion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all muſt—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to duſt,
When o'er the ſtage he Folly's ſtandard bore,
Whilſt Common-Senſe ſtood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents bleſs'd,
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented reſt.
Man from his ſphere eccentric ſtarts aſtray;
All hunt for fame; but moſt miſtake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the ſhuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jeſuit might have made,
With various readings ſtor'd his empty ſkull,
Learn'd without ſenſe, and venerably dull;
Or, at ſome banker's deſk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had ſtood in CITY ANNALS fair,
And *prudent* Dullneſs mark'd him for a Mayor.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a ſtage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waſte of pains
To publiſh to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reaſon e'en to thee have ſhewn
Thy greateſt praiſe had been to live *unknown?*
Yet let not vanity, like thine, deſpair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield view,
To ſacred Dullneſs and her *firſt-born* due,
Thither with haſte in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.

Shuter himſelf ſhall own thy juſter claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilſt Vaughan * or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.

There rule ſecure from critics and from ſenſe,
Nor once ſhall Genius riſe to give offence;
Eternal peace ſhall bleſs the happy ſhore,
And Little Factions break thy reſt no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiſcuous go,
Whom the Muſe knows not, nor deſires to know.
Vet'rans they ſeem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Weſtminſter militia train'd to fight,
They ſcarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Aſham'd among ſuch troops to ſhew the head,
Their chiefs were ſcatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glaſs ſat comfortably down
To ſep'rate frown from ſmile, and ſmile from frown;
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the ſmart,
Smith was juſt gone to ſchool to ſay his part;
Roſs (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was faſt aſleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as faſt aſleep as he;
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd ſounds,
Who wantonly tranſgreſſes Nature's bounds,
Whoſe acting's hard, affected, and conſtrain'd,
Whoſe features, as each other they diſdain'd,

* A gentleman ſtill living, who publiſhed, at this juncture, a Poem entitled, "The Retort." E.

At

At variance ſet, inflexible and coarſe,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly ſoften to each other's aid,
Nor ſhew the mingled pow'rs of light and ſhade,
No longer for a thankleſs ſtage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each ſimple elf
Almoſt as good a ſpeaker as himſelf;
Whilſt the whole Town, mad with miſtaken zeal,
An aukward rage for Elocution feel;
Dull Cits and grave Divines his praiſe proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name;
Shuter, who never car'd a ſingle pin
Whether he left out nonſenſe, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho' levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow ſeldom hit the mark,
At Iſlington, all by the placid ſtream
Where City ſwains in lap of dullneſs dream,
Where, quiet as her ſtrains their ſtrains *do* flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected ſchemes the ſummer months to chear,
And ſpin out happy Folly through the year.

But think not, though theſe daſtard-chiefs are fled,
That Covent-Garden troops ſhall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief! — See from afar,
The hero ſeated in fantaſtic car!
Wedded to *Novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden ſwords, wands, taliſmans, and charms;

On

On one ſide Folly ſits, by ſome call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, Lun.
Behind, for liberty a-thirſt in vain,
Senſe, helpleſs captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude miſ-ſhapen beaſts the chariot draw,
Whom Reaſon loaths, and Nature never ſaw;
Monſters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Each was beſtrode by full as monſtrous wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
The Town, as uſual, met him in full cry;
The Town, as uſual, knew no reaſon why.
But Faſhion ſo directs, and moderns raiſe
On Faſhion's mould'ring baſe their tranſient praiſe.
Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique law:
Juſt to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.
Firſt, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In ſpite of outward blemiſhes, ſhe ſhone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Eaſy, as if at home, the ſtage ſhe trod,
Nor ſought the critic's praiſe, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in ſpirit and in eaſe,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to pleaſe.
No comic actreſs ever yet could raiſe,
On Humour's baſe, more merit or more praiſe.
With all the native vigour of ſixteen,
Among the merry troop conſpicuous ſeen,

See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without Art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the Town with humour juſt, yet new.
Chear'd by her promiſe, we the leſs deplore
The fatal time when Clive ſhall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with ſimple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and ſcorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection ſhewn,
Whilſt Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I ſee it all, but muſt forgive it here.
Defects like theſe which *modeſt* terrors cauſe,
From impudence itſelf extort applauſe.
Candour and Reaſon ſtill take Virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in ſo good an heart.
Let Tommy Arne, with uſual pomp of ſtile,
Whoſe chief, whoſe only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals muſic out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publiſh propoſals, laws for taſte preſcribe,
And chaunt the praiſe of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverſe kind Nature's firſt decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to pleaſe;
But never ſhall a truly Britiſh age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the ſtage.
The boaſted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the ſtrain.
Where tyrants rule, and ſlaves with joy obey,
Let ſlaviſh minſtrels pour th' enervate lay;

To

To Britons far more noble pleaſures ſpring,
In native notes whilſt Beard and Vincent ſing.
Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival ſhould with Yates diſpute her claim?
But juſtice may not partial trophies raiſe,
Nor ſink the Actreſs in the Woman's praiſe.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features ſhew:
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of paſſions trace;
Dead to the ſoft emotions of the heart,
No kindred ſoftneſs can thoſe eyes impart;
The brow, ſtill fix'd in ſorrow's ſullen frame,
Void of diſtinction, marks all parts the ſame.
What's a fine perſon, or a beauteous face,
Unleſs deportment gives them decent grace?
Bleſs'd with all other requiſites to pleaſe,
Some want the ſtriking elegance of eaſe;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They ſeem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like ſtatues, in one poſture ſtill,
Give great ideas of the workman's ſkill;
Wond'ring, his art we praiſe the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themſelves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives ſtrength to all.
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the nobleſt light.
Happy in this, behold, amidſt the throng,
With tranſient gleam of grace, Hart ſweeps along.

If

If all the wonders of external grace,
A perſon finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expreſſion's lively force
With beauty's ſofteſt magic holds diſcourſe,
Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouze the quick paſſions, and enflame the heart;
If muſic, ſweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride muſt not paſs unſung.

When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and cuſtom conquer'd, ſhall retreat;
When judgment tutor'd by experience ſage,
Shall ſhoot abroad, and gather ſtrength from age;
When heav'n in mercy ſhall the ſtage releaſe
From the dull ſlumbers of a ſtill-life piece;
When ſome ſtale flow'r, diſgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd on the ſtalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride ſhall make her way,
And merit find a paſſage to the day;
Brought into action, ſhe at once ſhall raiſe
Her own renown, and juſtify our praiſe.

Form'd for the tragic ſcene, to grace the ſtage,
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Miſtreſs of each ſoft art, with matchleſs ſkill
To turn and wind the paſſions as ſhe will;
To melt the heart with ſympathetic woe,
Awake the ſigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild diſtracted glare,
And freeze the ſoul with horror and deſpair;
With juſt deſert enroll'd in endleſs fame,
Conſcious of worth ſuperior, Cibber came.

When

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
And ſtrongly imag'd griefs her mind diſtract;
Struck with her grief, I catch the madneſs too!
My brain turns round, the headleſs trunk I view!
The roof cracks, ſhakes and falls!—New horrors riſe,
And reaſon buried in the ruin lies.
Nobly diſdainful of each ſlaviſh art,
She makes her firſt attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the ſummons, it receives her laws,
And all is ſilence, ſympathy, applauſe.
But when, by fond ambition drawn aſide,
Giddy with praiſe, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic ſcene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
I ſcarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark diſguiſe.
Pritchard, by nature for the ſtage deſign'd,
In perſon graceful, and in ſenſe refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemiſh as her fame.
Who knows ſo well in majeſty to pleaſe,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of eaſe?
When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Mooriſh race;
When love, hate, jealouſy, deſpair and rage,
With wildeſt tumults in her breaſt engage;
Still equal to herſelf is Zara ſeen;
Her paſſions are the paſſions of a Queen.
When ſhe to murther whets the timorous Thane,
I feel ambition ruſh through ev'ry vein;

Per-

Perſuaſion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new ſtrung.
In Comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold,
"Pritchard's for Comedy too fat and old.
"Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
"Or force a laugh with over-grown Julett?
"Her ſpeech, look, action, humour, all are juſt;
"But then, her age and figure give diſguſt."
Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to ſize or age confin'd?
Do ſpirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
In any ſet circumference of waiſt?
As we grow old, doth affectation ceaſe,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals theſe things appear,
Why ſhould we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the ſtage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some ſtandard-meaſure for each part ſhould find,
Which when the beſt of actors ſhall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of ſmaller breed.
All actors too upon the back ſhould bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unleſs they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at firſt may give offence,
And harſhly ſtrike the eye's too curious ſenſe:

But

But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaſte ſallies, judgment's ſolid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into ſenſe, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before ſuch merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's ſix feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, ſeen thy wond'rous ſkill,
Confeſs'd thee great, but find thee greater ſtill.
That worth, which ſhone in ſcatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raiſe,
Inferior only to the author's praiſe.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood ruſh o'er the land of love,
Moſſop and Barry came—names ne'er deſign'd
By fate in the ſame ſentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus ſportive boys, around ſome baſon's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling ſwim:
But if from lungs more potent, there ariſe
Two bubbles of a more than common ſize,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both ſink to air.

Moſſop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.

Whilſt

Whilſt the mouth meaſures words with ſeeming ſkill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies ſtill;
For he reſolv'd on ſcripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand ſhall not know.
With ſtudied impropriety of ſpeech,
He ſoars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic ſtate,
Whilſt principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways firſt trodden by himſelf excels,
And ſtands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, Prepoſition, Adverb join
To ſtamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monoſyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the ſoul.

In perſon taller than the common ſize,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring paſſions, in his boſom pent,
Convulſive rage, and ſtruggling heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the burſting of the ſtorm:
But, all unfit in ſuch a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell;
To ſwell the tempeſt needful aid denies,
And all a-down the ſtage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man, like Barry, with ſuch pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderneſs to Lear?
Who elſe can ſpeak ſo very, very fine,
That ſenſe may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghoſt is there,
Behold him for the ſolemn ſcene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poiſes each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
From whence we learn, with no great ſtretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghoſt, and, ha! a ſtart.

When he appears moſt perfect, ſtill we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We ſee too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the baſe of art,
And conn'd his paſſions, as he conn'd his part.

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the ſcent of fame,
A ſtage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how ſhould moderns, muſhrooms of the day,
Who ne'er thoſe maſters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themſelves were young;
Who having loſt all reliſh for the ſtage,
See not their own defects, but laſh the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applauſe,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cauſe.

Far be it from the candid Muſe to tread
Inſulting o'er the aſhes of the dead,
But, juſt to living merit, ſhe maintains,
And dares the teſt, whilſt Garrick's genius reigns;

Ancients

Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though preſcription's force we diſallow,
Nor to antiquity ſubmiſſive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth ſhall bear
Due praiſe, nor muſt we, Quin, forget thee there.

His words bore ſterling weight, nervous and ſtrong
In manly tides of ſenſe they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit ſenſe.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of ſpeech.

Speech! Is that all?—And ſhall an actor found
An univerſal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themſelves ſpeak properly by rote,
And, in ſix months, my dog ſhall howl by note.
I laugh at thoſe, who, when the ſtage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With ſtrict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while paſſion halts behind.
To ſyllable-diſſectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, ſpite of all the criticiſing elves,
Thoſe who would make us feel, muſt feel themſelves.

His eyes, in gloomy ſocket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the ſullen habit of his ſoul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the ſtage,
Too proud for tenderneſs, too dull for rage.

When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-sam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:

But

But ſtep-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the ſocial pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Paſſions, like chaos, in confuſion lie:
In vain the wonders of his ſkill are try'd
To form diſtinctions Nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and ſhrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the ſake of ſtrife.

His action's always ſtrong, but ſometimes ſuch,
That candour muſt declare he acts too much.
Why muſt impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to ſtir,
Unleſs in motion ſemicircular?
Why muſt the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the cloſe-clench'd fiſt at noſe or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a ſhame,
To fright a king ſo harmleſs and ſo tame?
But, ſpite of all defects, his glories riſe;
And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies:
Behold him ſound the depth of Hubert's ſoul,
Whilſt in his own contending paſſions roll;
View the whole ſcene, with critic judgment ſcan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls ſhort, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he ſucceeds, the merit's all his own.

T 1891

Laſt Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of ſnarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out,—" He's of ſtature ſomewhat low,—
" Your Hero always ſhould be tall, you know.—
" True nat'ral greatneſs all conſiſts in height."
Produce your voucher, Critic.—" Sergeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to ſhallow hearts;
Mere pieces of fineſſe, traps for applauſe—
" Avaunt, unnat'ral ſtart, affected pauſe."
For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholeſale, nor condemn.
The beſt things carried to exceſs are wrong:
The ſtart may be too frequent, pauſe too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severeſt judgment muſt allow them grace.
If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Juſt in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied ſcene with mangled arts diſgrace,
And pauſe and ſtart with the ſame vacant face;
We join the critic laugh; thoſe tricks we ſcorn,
Which ſpoil the ſcenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from Nature's pure and genuine ſource,
Theſe ſtrokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the ſoul's pourtray'd,
And paſſions, ſuch as Garrick's, are diſplay'd,
To me they ſeem from quickeſt feelings caught:
Each ſtart is Nature; and each pauſe is Thought.
When reaſon yields to paſſion's wild alarms,
And the whole ſtate of man is up in arms;

What

What but a Critic could condemn the Play'r,
For pauſing here, when Cool Senſe pauſes there?
Whilſt, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it ſtrongly flaming to the face;
Whilſt, in each ſound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity thoſe who can.

Let wits, like ſpiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindneſs I with thanks muſt pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarſer kind of clay;
Nor ſtung with envy, nor with ſpleen diſeas'd,
A poor dull creature, ſtill with Nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praiſes, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with Nature, muſt be pleas'd with thee.

Now might I tell, how ſilence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention huſh'd the rabble rout:
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with deſire,
Was pale as aſhes, or as red as fire:
But, looſe to fame, the Muſe more ſimply acts,
Rejects all flouriſh, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the ſeveral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their ſentence happily agreed,
In name of both, Great Shakeſpeare thus decreed.

" If manly ſenſe; if Nature link'd with Art;
" If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
" If pow'rs of acting vaſt and unconfin'd;
" If feweſt faults with greateſt beauties join'd;

" If ſtrong expreſſion, and ſtrange pow'rs which lie
" Within the magic circle of the eye;
" If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
" And which no face ſo well as his can ſhew;
" Deſerve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;
" Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

THE

THE

APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

LAUGHS not the heart, when giants, big with pride,
Assume the pompous port, the martial stride;
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous shield,
Vast as a weaver's beam the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
And dare to single combat—What?—A fly.
And laugh we less, when giant names, which shine
Establish'd, as it were, by *right divine*;
Critics, whom ev'ry captive Art adores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores;
Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
And hold, Astræa-like, the scales of wit;
With partial rage rush forth,—Oh! shame to tell!
To crush a bard just bursting from the shell?
Great are his perils in this stormy time
Who rashly ventures on a sea of rime.
Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below:

Greatly

Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me moſt who laviſhly commends.
Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
The ſame employment's cauſe of kindneſs made,
At leaſt appearance of good-will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
Coblers with coblers ſmoke away the night,
And in the common cauſe e'en play'rs unite.
Authors alone, with more than ſavage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother-authors wage.
The pride of nature would as ſoon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit:
Onward they ruſh at Fame's imperious call,
And, leſs than greateſt, would not be at all.
Smit with the love of honour,—or the pence,
O'er-run with wit, and deſtitute of ſenſe,
Should any novice in the riming trade
With lawleſs pen the realms of verſe invade;
Forth from the court, where ſceptred ſages ſit,
Abus'd with praiſe, and flatter'd into wit;
Where in lethargic majeſty they reign,
And what they won by dullneſs, ſtill maintain;
Legions of factious authors throng at once;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's * the ready lies repair;—
Ne'er was lye made which was not welcome there—
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The poliſh'd falſhood's into public brought.

* Printer of the Critical Review.

Quick-

Quick-circulating ſlanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.
A Critic was of old a glorious name,
Whoſe ſanction handed Merit up to Fame;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His judgment great, and great his candour too.
No ſervile rules drew ſickly Taſte aſide;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
But now, Oh ſtrange reverſe! our Critics bawl
In praiſe of candour with a heart of gall.
Conſcious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enſhrouded in the veil of night;
Safe from detection, ſeize th' unwary prey,
And ſtab, like bravoes, all who come that way.
When firſt my Muſe, perhaps more bold than wiſe,
Bad the rude trifle into light ariſe,
Little ſhe thought ſuch tempeſts would enſue;
Leſs, that thoſe tempeſts would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak;
Roſciads, like ſhrubs, might 'ſcape the fatal ſtroke.
Vain thought! a Critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcanſir-like, he deals deſtruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a ſtranger ſpare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.
Unhappy Genius! plac'd by partial fate
With a free ſpirit in a ſlaviſh ſtate;
Where the reluctant Muſe, oppreſs'd by kings,
Or droops in ſilence, or in fetters ſings;
In vain thy dauntleſs fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's ſcorn.

Why

Why didſt thou ſafe from home-bred dangers ſteer,
Reſerv'd to periſh more ignobly here?
Thus, when the Julian tyrant's pride to ſwell
Rome with her Pompey at Pharſalia fell,
The vanquiſh'd chief eſcap'd from Cæſar's hand
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

How could theſe ſelf-elected monarchs raiſe
So large an empire on ſo ſmall a baſe?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius ſleep, when Dullneſs ſeiz'd the throne?
Whence, abſolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the ſubject world diſpenſes law.
Without her licence not a letter ſtirs,
And all the captive criſs-croſs-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reaſons too.
Our great Dictators take a ſhorter way—
Who ſhall diſpute what the Reviewers ſay?
Their word's ſufficient; and to aſk a reaſon,
In ſuch a ſtate as theirs, is downright treaſon.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull ſuperſtitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their eaſy faith on Critic's ſleeve,
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
But why repine we, that theſe puny elves
Shoot into giants?—We may thank ourſelves;
Fools that we are, like Iſrael's fools of yore,
The calf ourſelves have faſhion'd we adore.

But let true Reaſon once reſume her reign,
This God ſhall dwindle to a Calf again.
Founded on arts which ſhun the face of day,
By the ſame arts they ſtill maintain their ſway.
Wrapp'd in myſterious ſecrecy they riſe,
And, as they are unknown, are ſafe and wiſe.
At whomſoever aim'd, howe'er ſevere
Th' envenom'd ſlander flies, no names appear.
Prudence forbids that ſtep.—Then all might know
And on more equal terms engage the foe.
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?
By int'reſt join'd, th' expert confederates ſtand,
And play the game into each other's hand.
The vile abuſe, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from ſide to ſide:
It flies—hey!—preſto!—like a juggler's ball,
'Till it belongs to nobody at all.
All men and things they know, themſelves unknown,
And publiſh ev'ry name—except their own.
Nor think this ſtrange—ſecure from vulgar eyes
The nameleſs author paſſes in diſguiſe.
But vet'ran Critics are not ſo deceiv'd,
If vet'ran Critics are to be believ'd.
Once ſeen, they know an author evermore,
Nay ſwear to hands they never ſaw before.
Thus in the Roſciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.
"That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly trace,
"And all the Actor ſtares you in the face.

"By

" By Colman that was written.—On my life,
" The ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of the Jealous Wife.
" That little diſingenuous piece of ſpite,
" Churchill, a wretch unknown, perhaps might write."
How doth it make judicious readers ſmile,
When authors are detected by their ſtile:
Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He ſhifts his ſtile much oft'ner than his cloaths?
Whence could ariſe this mighty critic ſpleen,
The Muſe a trifler, and her theme ſo mean?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n ſhould ſend
The bitt'reſt foe where moſt I wiſh'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchleſs fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle ſtands ſuperbly bound.
From Livy's temples tear th' hiſtoric crown,
Which with more juſtice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb.
Who ever read the Regicide, but ſwore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
Who can ſo often in his cauſe engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian ſtage,
Whilſt horrors riſe, and tears ſpontaneous flow,
At tragic Ha! and no leſs tragic Oh!
To praiſe his nervous weakneſs all agree;
And then for ſweetneſs, who ſo ſweet as he!

Too big for utterance when ſorrows ſwell,
The too-big ſorrows flowing tears muſt tell:
But when thoſe flowing tears ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Why—then the voice muſt ſpeak again, you know.
Rude and unſkilful in the Poet's trade,
I kept no Naiads by me *ready-made*;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimſy linſey-woolſey ſcenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joſeph's coat.
Me humbler themes befit: Secure, for me,
Let playwrights ſmuggle nonſenſe, duty free:
Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
And friſk, and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn,
Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:
Uncenſur'd let the gentle breezes rove
Thro' the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove:
Secure, for me, let foppiſh Nature ſmile,
And play the coxcomb in the Deſart Iſle.
The ſtage I choſe—a ſubject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie
For praiſe or cenſure to the common eye.
Hence are a thouſand hackney writers fed;
Hence monthly critics earn their daily bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all muſt pay,
From thoſe who ſcribble, down to thoſe who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive ſupport
From public bounty, for the public ſport.

To clap or hiſs, all have an equal claim,
The cobler's and his lordſhip's right the ſame.
All join for their ſubſiſtence; all expect
Free leave to praiſe their worth, their faults correct.
When active Pickle Smithfield ſtage aſcends,
The three days wonder of his laughing friends;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praiſes or derides.
And where's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
Betwixt a Merry-Andrew and a Player?
The ſtrolling tribe, a deſpicable race,
Like wand'ring Arabs, ſhift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to juſtice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's laſh afraid,
And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
To Madam Mayoreſs, or his Worſhip's wife.
The mighty monarch, in theatric ſack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal conſort heads the female band,
And leads the heir-apparent in her hand;
The pannier'd aſs creeps on with conſcious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either ſide.
No choice muſicians in this troop are found
To varniſh nonſenſe with the charms of ſound;
No ſwords, no daggers, not one poiſon'd bowl;
No lightning flaſhes here, no thunders roll;
No guards to ſwell the monarch's train are ſhewn;
The monarch here muſt be a hoſt *alone*.
No ſolemn pomp, no ſlow proceſſions here;
No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.

By

By need compell'd to proſtitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;
And, ſtrange diſgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is ſhifted with his ſide.
Queſtion and Anſwer he by turns muſt be,
Like that ſmall wit* in Modern Tragedy;
Who, to patch up his fame,—or fill his purſe,—
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worſe;
Like gipſies, leſt the ſtolen brat be known,
Defacing firſt, then claiming for his own.
In ſhabby ſtate they ſtrut, and tatter'd robe;
The ſcene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
No high conceits their mod'rate wiſhes raiſe,
Content with humble profit, humble praiſe.
Let dowdies ſimper, and let bumpkins ſtare,
The ſtrolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And ſnores the next out on a truſs of ſtraw.

But if kind Fortune, who we ſometimes know
Can take a hero from a puppet-ſhow,
In mood propitious ſhould her fav'rite call
On royal ſtage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himſelf he rears the head,
And ſcorns the dunghill where he firſt was bred.
Converſing now with well-dreſs'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddeſſes behind the ſcenes,
He ſweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride t' aſſume.

* Mr. Foote.

On this great ſtage the world, no monarch e'er
Was half ſo haughty as a monarch play'r.
Doth it more move our anger or our mirth,
To ſee theſe Things, the loweſt ſons of earth,
Preſume, with ſelf-ſufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in Letters, and preſide in Taſte?
The Town's deciſions they no more admit,
Themſelves alone the arbiters of Wit;
And ſcorn the juriſdiction of that court,
To which they owe their being and ſupport.
Actors, like monks of old, now ſacred grown,
Muſt be attack'd by no fools but their own.
Let the vain tyrant ſit amidſt his guards,
His puny *Green-room* Wits and Venal Bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a playhouſe freedom loſe their own;
In ſpite of new-made laws, and new-made kings,
The free-born Muſe with lib'ral ſpirit ſings.
Bow down, ye ſlaves; before theſe idols fall;
Let Genius ſtoop to them who've none at all;
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To thoſe who, ſlaves to All, are ſlaves to Me.
Actors, as actors, are a lawful game;
The poet's right, and who ſhall bar his claim?
And if, o'er-weening of their little ſkill,
When they have left the ſtage, they're actors ſtill;
If to the ſubject world they ſtill give laws,
With paper crowns, and ſceptres made of ſtraws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night, are kings for evermore;

Shall

Shall not bold Truth, e'en there, purſue her theme,
And 'wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They riſe ſuperior to their preſent ſtate;
If, with each ſocial virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
Shall not our verſe their praiſe with pleaſure ſpeak,
Though mimics bark, and Envy ſplits her cheek;
No honeſt worth's beneath the Muſe's praiſe;
No greatneſs can above her cenſure raiſe;
Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
She ſtoops to actors, and ſhe ſoars to kings.
Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
To ſenſe of honour as to virtue dead;
Whom ties nor human, nor divine, can bind;
Alien to God, and foe to all mankind;
Who ſpares no character; whoſe ev'ry word,
Bitter as gall, and ſharper than the ſword,
Cuts to the quick; whoſe thoughts with rancour ſwell;
Whoſe tongue, on earth, performs the work of hell;
If there be ſuch a monſter, the Reviews
Shall find him holding forth againſt abuſe.
" Attack profeſſion!—'tis a deadly breach!—
" The Chriſtian laws another leſſon teach:—
" Unto the end ſhall charity endure,
" And Candour hide thoſe faults it cannot cure."
Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
As devils, to ſerve their purpoſe, Scripture quote.

The Muſe's office was by Heav'n deſign'd
To pleaſe, improve, inſtruct, reform mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly riſe
Above the tow'ring pitch of ſplendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abaſh'd, her head hang down,
And trembling crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
Now arm'd with wrath, ſhe bids eternal ſhame,
With ſtricteſt juſtice, brand the villain's name:
Now in the milder garb of ridicule
She ſports, and pleaſes while ſhe wounds the fool.
Her ſhape is often varied; but her aim,
To prop the cauſe of Virtue, ſtill the ſame.
In praiſe of mercy let the guilty bawl,
When Vice and Folly for correction call,
Silence the mark of weakneſs juſtly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it ſpares.

But if the Muſe, too cruel in her mirth,
With harſh reflections wounds the man of worth;
If wantonly ſhe deviates from her plan,
And quits the Actor to expoſe the Man;
Aſham'd, ſhe marks that paſſage with a blot,
And hates the line where Candour was forgot.

But what is Candour, what is Humour's vein,
Tho' Judgment join to conſecrate the ſtrain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choiceſt muſic play in ev'ry word?
Verſes muſt run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harſh, rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze;
Smooth let their current flow, as ſummer ſeas;

Perfect

Perfect then only deem'd when they diſpenſe
A happy tuneful vacancy of ſenſe.
Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
Fit helpleſs infants for the ſqueaking ſtage;
Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the ſake of ſound.
Henceforth farewell then fev'riſh thirſt of fame;
Farewell the longings for a poet's name;
Periſh my Muſe;—a wiſh 'bove all ſevere
To him who ever held the Muſes dear—
If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The gen'rous roughneſs of a nervous line.
Others affect the ſtiff and ſwelling phraſe;
Their Muſe muſt walk in ſtilts, and ſtrut in ſtays:
The ſenſe they murder, and the words tranſpoſe,
Leſt poetry approach too near to proſe.
See tortur'd Reaſon how they pare and trim,
And, like Procruſtes, ſtretch, or lop the limb.
Waller, whoſe praiſe ſucceeding bards rehearſe,
Parent of harmony in Engliſh verſe,
Whoſe tuneful Muſe in ſweeteſt accents flows,
In couplets firſt taught ſtraggling ſenſe to cloſe.
In poliſh'd numbers, and majeſtic ſound,
Where ſhall thy rival, Pope, be ever found?
But whilſt each line with equal beauty flows,
E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
Nature, thro' all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a bleſſing from Variety.
Muſic itſelf her needful aid requires
To rouze the ſoul, and wake our dying fires.

Still in one key, the Nightingale would teize:
Still in one key, not Brent would always pleaſe.
Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy ſhrine,
Thou deareſt name to all the tuneful Nine.
What if ſome dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet ſeems to ſleep,
Still, when his ſubject riſes proud to view,
With equal ſtrength the poet riſes too.
With ſtrong invention, nobleſt vigour fraught,
Thought ſtill ſprings up and riſes out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their courſe;
In varied ſweetneſs flow, in varied force;
The pow'rs of Genius and of Judgment join,
And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.
But what are numbers, what are bards to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poeſy?
"A ſacred Muſe ſhould conſecrate her pen;
"Prieſts muſt not hear nor ſee like other men;
"Far higher themes ſhould her ambition claim;
"Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame."
Whilſt with miſtaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reaſon for a moment take her turn.
When coffee-ſages hold diſcourſe with kings,
And blindly walk in paper leading-ſtrings,
What if a man delight to paſs his time
In ſpinning Reaſon into harmleſs rime;
Or ſometimes boldly venture to the play!
Say, Where's the crime?—great Man of Prudence, ſay?
No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have ſome darling ſingularity;

Women

Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gew-gaws take delight, and figh for toys.
Your ſceptres, and your crowns, and ſuch like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indiff'rent Reaſon bids us chuſe,
Whether the whim's a Monkey, or a Muſe.
What the grave triflers on this buſy ſcene,
When they make uſe of this word Reaſon, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis Lord Chief-Juſtice in the Court of Man,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The friend of Virtue, and the guide to Truth.
To Her I bow, whoſe ſacred pow'r I feel;
To Her deciſion make my laſt appeal;
Condemn'd by Her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By Her abſolv'd, my courſe I'll ſtill purſue:
If Reaſon's for me, God is for me too.

N I G H T.

AN EPISTLE TO

ROBERT LLOYD.

WHEN foes inſult, and *prudent* friends diſpenſe,
In pity's ſtrains, the worſt of inſolence,
Oft with thee, LLOYD, I ſteal an hour from grief,
And in thy ſocial converſe find relief.
The mind, of ſolitude impatient grown,
Loves any ſorrows rather than her own.
Let ſlaves to buſineſs, bodies without ſoul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonſenſe in the day's broad glare,
We NIGHT prefer, which heals or hides our care.
Rogues juſtified, and by ſucceſs made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs ſanctified by gold,
Freely may baſk in Fortune's partial ray,
And ſpread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But *thread-bare* Merit dares not ſhew the head
'Till vain Proſperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The ſons of Care are always ſons of Night.
The wretch bred up in Method's drowſy ſchool,
Whoſe only merit is to err by rule,

Who

Who ne'er thro' heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace,
Still travels on thro' life's insipid space;
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be
Among God's creatures two such things as *we:*
Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours.*
Good hours—Fine words!--But was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the sun,
Expatiates on *good hours,* their cause defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent* friends.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.
Each takes the phrase in his own private view,
With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two.
Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing distinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reason to herself alone is law.

That

That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol titled name her rev'rence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if *virtuously* enjoy'd.

Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *wig* declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health.
For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
While soul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date;
I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good-humour with each other.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools;
As well may sons of physic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head.
What reason this which *me* to bed must call,
Whose head (thank heaven) never aches at all?

In

In diff'rent courſes diff'rent tempers run,
He hates the Moon, I ſicken at the Sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.
Then in Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling ſneer, the ſupercilious frown,
The ſtrange reſerve, the proud affected ſtate
Of upſtart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch diſturbs my reſt,
Who nearly overlooks a friend diſtreſt.
Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
And ſcarce ſees rags an inch beyond his noſe;
But from a crowd can ſingle out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who ſtrut in lace.
Whether thoſe claſſic regions are ſurvey'd
Where we in earlieſt youth together ſtray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry ſhore,
Tho' now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conſpir'd a thankleſs wretch to raiſe,
And taught a *Jump* to ſhoot with pilfer'd praiſe,
Who once for *Rev'rend* merit famous grown,
Gratefully ſtrove to kick his Maker down;
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar or ſtage;
If half-bred ſurgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Thoſe mighty letter'd monſters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exerciſe our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with eaſy freedom ſtray;

A gainer

A gainer ſtill thy friend himſelf muſt find,
His grief ſuſpended, and improv'd his mind.
Whilſt peaceful ſlumbers bleſs the homely bed,
Where Virtue, ſelf-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilſt Vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And Conſcience plants the villain's couch with thorns;
Impatient of reſtraint, the active Mind,
No more by ſervile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her ſeat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a ſingle glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourſelves, ſurvey,
And ſee by Night what fools we are by Day.
Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain diſguiſe,
See where Ambition mean and loathſome lies;
Reflection with relentleſs hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and raviſh'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like theſe but ill with manhood ſuit,
And ſink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in ſearching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whoſe anger, like the bolt of Jove, is ſped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whoſe mercies, like Heaven's dew, refreſhing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold ſuch worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.
Through a falſe medium things are ſhewn by Day,
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead aſtray.

How

How many from appearance borrow ſtate,
Whom Night diſdains to number with the Great!
Muſt not we laugh to ſee yon *lordling* proud
Snuff up vile incenſe from a fawning crowd?
Whilſt in his beam ſurrounding clients play,
Like inſects in the ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilſt, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
And ſeems the only charioteer of ſtate,
Talking himſelf into a little God,
And ruling empires with a ſingle nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law diſpenſe,
That he had int'reſt, and that they had ſenſe?
Injurious thought! Beneath Night's honeſt ſhade,
When pomp is buried and falſe colours fade,
Plainly we ſee at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.
God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the ſeeming, or the real great.
Much ſorrow ſhall he feel, and ſuffer more
Than any ſlave who labours at the oar.
By ſlaviſh methods muſt he learn to pleaſe,
By ſmooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curſt *court-diſeaſe*,
Supple to ev'ry wayward mood ſtrike ſail,
And ſhift with ſhifting humour's peeviſh gale.
To Nature dead he muſt adopt vile Art,
And wear a ſmile, with anguiſh in his heart.
A ſenſe of honour would deſtroy his ſchemes,
And Conſcience ne'er muſt ſpeak unleſs in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous ſneers;

When

When he at laſt expects, good eaſy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing Lacquey, or rapacious Whore,
To favours of the great the ſureſt door,
Some Catamite, or Pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or ſells his own,
Steps croſs his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for ſome Minion's Minion claims the prize.

Foe to reſtraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too reſolute, from Nature's active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely paſs them by;
Too proud to flatter, too ſincere to lye,
Too plain to pleaſe, too honeſt to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier ſtate:
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where raſcals promiſe, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice and ſtrife,
Calm, independent, let me ſteal thro' life,
Nor one vain wiſh my ſteady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordſhip's frown, or court his ſmile.
Unfit for Greatneſs, I her ſnares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content ſhall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this buſtling ſtage,
We ſee what vain deſigns mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they purſue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man ſtrives 'gainſt man, without a cauſe for ſtrife;

Armies

Armies embattled meet, and thouſands bleed
For ſome vile ſpot, where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight;
What odds?—To us 'tis all the ſelf-ſame thing,
A Nut, a World, a Squirrel, and a King.
Britons, like Roman ſpirits fam'd of old,
Are caſt by nature in a Patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their ſoul's ingroſs'd by public weal or woe.
Inglorious eaſe, like ours, they greatly ſcorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the ſtateſman's pains,
Give them but credit for a ſtateſman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bleſs us!) ſtateſmen all at once.
His mighty charge of ſouls the prieſt forgets,
The court-bred lord his promiſes and debts,
Soldiers their fame, miſers forget their pelf,
The rake his miſtreſs, and the fop himſelf;
Whilſt thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wiſe heads the weight of kingdoms bear.
Females themſelves the glorious ardour feel,
And boaſt an equal, or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the ſtate-infection flies,
Swells in her breaſt, and ſparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beſide.

No

No more their little flutt'ring hearts confeſs
A paſſion for applauſe, or rage for dreſs;
No more they pant for Public Raree-ſhows,
Or loſe one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more purſue the jilting plan,
And luſtful prudes forget to rail at man.
The darling theme CÆCILIA's ſelf will chuſe,
Nor thinks of ſcandal whilſt ſhe talks of news.

The CITY, a Common-Council-Man by place,
Ten thouſand mighty nothings in his face,
By ſituation as by nature great,
With nice preciſion parcels out the ſtate;
Proves and diſproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himſelf, and to himſelf replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The ſame thing right and wrong in half an hour.
Now all is well, now he ſuſpects a plot,
And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.
Fearfully wiſe, he ſhakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His uſeleſs ſcales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.

Peace to ſuch triflers; be our happier plan
To paſs thro' life as eaſy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor ſtirs my curioſity, nor ſpleen.
Secrets of ſtate no more I wiſh to know
Than ſecret movements of a Puppet-ſhow;

Let

Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which *guides* the Master-wire.
What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burthens like these vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on *castles* in the *air*.
Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And England's terrors awe *imperious* Spain;
Let ev'ry *venal clan* and *neutral* tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
Let each new year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burthen rise;
Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress,
And, having little, are with little blest.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply.
Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells th' approach of Day
Thus have we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,

Whilſt Mirth, with Decency his lovely bride,
And Wine's gay God, with Temp'rance by his ſide,
Their welcome viſit pay; whilſt Health attends
The narrow circle of our ch.ſen friends,
Whilſt frank Good-Humour conſecrates the treat,
And Woman makes ſociety complete,
Thus will we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
Thoſe *hackney ſtrumpets*, Prudence and the World.

Prudence, of old a ſacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike Wiſdom for her guide,
But now in general uſe is known to mean
The ſtalking-horſe of vice, and folly's ſcreen.
The ſenſe perverted we retain the name,
Hypocriſy and Prudence are the ſame.

A Tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely ſly, with high preferment bleſt,
His fav'rite pupil in theſe words addreſs'd:

Would'ſt thou, my ſon, be wiſe and virtuous deem'd,
By all mankind a prodigy eſteem'd?
Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call;
Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the teſt,
The world will give thee credit for the reſt.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in ſecret ſin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unleſs 'tis known.

Virtue

Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging paſſions drive thee to a whore,
Let Prudence lead thee to a *poſtern* door;
Stay out all night, but take eſpecial care
That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with ſtudy faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a ſaint.
With joy the youth this uſeful leſſon heard,
And in his mem'ry ſtor'd each precious word,
Succeſsfully purſu'd the plan, and *now*,
"Room for my Lord,—Virtue ſtand by and bow."
And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To maſk, but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave
For wiſe and good ſtamp ev'ry ſupple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and ſtates with empty forms,
Whilſt Virtue ſeeks in vain the wiſh'd-for prize,
Becauſe, diſdaining ill, ſhe hates diſguiſe;
Becauſe ſhe frankly pours forth all her ſtore,
Seems what ſhe *is*, and ſcorns to paſs for more?
Well—be it ſo - let vile diſſemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boaſt their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r ſhall tempt, nor thirſt of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myſelf;
Might the whole world be plac'd within my ſpan,
I would not be *that* Thing, *that* Prudent Man.

What, cries Sir Pliant, would you then oppoſe
Yourſelf, alone, againſt an hoſt of foes?
Let not conceit, and peeviſh luſt to rail,
Above all ſenſe of intereſt prevail.
Throw off for ſhame this petulance of wit,
Be wiſe, be modeſt, and for *once* ſubmit:
Too hard the taſk 'gainſt multitudes to fight,
You muſt be wrong, the World is in the right.
What is this World? A term which men have got
To ſignify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more preciſion paſſes
To point out herds of *men* than herds of *aſſes*;
In common uſe no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in ſame opinions join'd.
Can numbers then change Nature's ſtated laws?
Can numbers make the worſe the better cauſe?
Vice muſt be vice, virtue be virtue ſtill,
Tho' thouſands rail at good and practiſe ill.
Wouldſt thou defend the Gaul's deſtructive rage
Becauſe vaſt nations on his part engage?
Tho' to ſupport the rebel Cæſar's cauſe
Tumultuous legions arm againſt the laws,
Tho' Scandal would *our patriot*'s name impeach,
And rails at virtues which ſhe cannot reach,
What honeſt man but would with joy ſubmit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with PITT?
Stedfaſt and true to Virtue's ſacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar cenſure or applauſe,

Let

Let the World talk, my friend; that World we know
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us ſo.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
Aſſert the rights, or quit the name of Man.
Conſider well, weigh ſtrictly right and wrong;
Reſolve not quick, but once reſolv'd be ſtrong.
In ſpite of dullneſs, and in ſpite of wit,
If to thyſelf thou canſt thyſelf acquit,
Rather ſtand up aſſur'd with conſcious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy ſide.

THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, Esq.

WHEN Cupid firſt inſtructs his darts to fly
From the ſly corner of ſome cook-maid's eye,
The ſtripling raw, juſt enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new deſire
Within him ſtirs, each time ſhe ſtirs the fire;
Trembling and bluſhing he the fair-one views,
And fain would ſpeak, but can't—without a Muſe.
So to the ſacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In ſimpleſt notes, and all unpoliſh'd ſtrains,
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* the loves of ſwains.
Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In ruſtic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—

Beneath

Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies,
Green moſs her couch; her canopy the ſkies.
From aromatic ſhrubs the *roguiſh* gale
Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd ſwain, and ſkill'd in ruſtic lays,
Faſt by her ſide his am'rous deſcant plays.
Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens ſcream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the ſtream.
The ſtreams, with muſic freighted, as they paſs,
Preſent the fair Lardella with a glaſs,
And Zephyr, to compleat the love-ſick plan,
Waves his light wings, and ſerves her for a fan.
But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
Theſe childiſh toys on Reaſon's altar bleed;
Form'd after ſome *great man*, whoſe name breeds awe,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentence Faſhion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our ſervile fears;
Then we diſcard the workings of the heart,
And Nature's baniſh'd by *mechanic* Art;
Then, deeply read, our reading muſt be ſhown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then Oſtentation marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* Pride ſtalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Point'ed each ſentence, poliſh'd ev'ry line:
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of Ancients with a Modern air,
Nonſenſe with *claſſic* ornaments is grac'd,
And paſſes current with the ſtamp of Taſte.

Then the rude Theocrite is ranſack'd o'er,
And *courtly* Maro call'd from Mincio's ſhore;
Sicilian Muſes on our mountains roam,
Eaſy and free as if they were at home:
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flouriſh'd fair in Greece and Rome,
More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic ſuns adorn;
And roſes bluſh, but bluſh without a thorn;
Landſcapes unknown to *dowdy* Nature, riſe,
And new creations ſtrike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards like theſe, who neither ſing nor ſay,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay;
Whoſe numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleaſure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain Common-Senſe her viſit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at ſome ghoſt affrighted, ſtart and ſtare,
And aſk the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like theſe a wreath ſhall Maſon bring,
Lin'd with the ſofteſt down of Folly's wing;
In Love's Pagoda ſhall they ever doze,
And Giſbal kindly rock them to repoſe;
My lord—to letters as to *faith* moſt true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall *quaintly* faſhion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with ſad winds, and weep with weeping ſtreams,
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dreſs up the tale of woe)

From

From the green umbrage of ſome Druid's ſeat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me, whom no Muſe of heav'nly birth inſpires,
No judgment tempers when raſh genius fires;
Who boaſt no merit but mere knack of rime,
Short gleams of ſenſe, and ſatire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* ſtreams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without ſucceſs, have pray'd
For *apt* Alliteration's *artful aid*;
Who would, but cannot, with a maſter's ſkill,
Coin fine new epithets, *which mean no ill*;
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poeſy, and *ambling* wit,
Taſte with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongſt the loweſt of her favour'd race.
Thou, Nature, art *my* goddeſs—to thy law
Myſelf I dedicate.—*Hence* ſlaviſh awe
Which bends to faſhion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at firſt, and ſince obſerv'd by fools.
Hence thoſe vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the ſober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which Virtue ſcorns, and none but ſtrumpets wear.
Sick of thoſe pomps, thoſe vanities, that waſte
Of toil, which critics now miſtake for *taſte*,
Of falſe refinements ſick, and labour'd eaſe,
Which Art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to pleaſe,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) ſubdu'd,
However plain her dreſs, and 'haviour rude,

To

To *northern* climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the year,
Where, undisturb'd by Art's *rebellious* plan,
She rules the *loyal laird*, and *faithful clan*.
To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend,
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the Holy Martyr found?
Nor less our debt in Science, tho' deny'd
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t' other wrote;
Thence, Home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no *dull* Dean was there;
Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That *old*, *new*, *epic pastoral*, Fingal;
Thence Malloch, friend alike of *Church* and *State*,
Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards which, in a *pious* reign,
All *darling infidels* should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this *wise* town by simple patrons brought,

In

In ſimple manner utter ſimple lays,
And take, with ſimple penſions, ſimple praiſe.
Waft me ſome Muſe to Tweed's inſpiring ſtream,
Where all the little loves and graces dream,
Where ſlowly winding the dull waters creep,
And ſeem themſelves to own the power of ſleep,
Where on the ſurface lead, like feathers, ſwims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Waſh off my native ſtains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *Engliſh* pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.
From ſolemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where Honour, ſlave to rule,
In compliment to Folly, plays the fool;
From thoſe gay ſcenes where Mirth exalts his pow'r,
And eaſy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From thoſe ſoft better moments, when deſire
Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *friendſhip*'s ſummons will my Wilkes retreat,
And ſee, *once ſeen before*, that *ancient* ſeat,
That *ancient* ſeat, where majeſty diſplay'd
Her enſigns, *long before the world was made!*
Mean narrow maxims, which enſlave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy ſettled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's ſlave,
Thoſe faculties which bounteous Nature gave,

Thy

Thy honeſt ſpirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the ſmile, nor dreads the frown of kings.
Let *rude licentious* Engliſhmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curſe they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy ſoul diſdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And ſtrictly weighs, in apprehenſion clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee Good-Humour tempers lively Wit,
Enthron'd with Judgment, Candour loves to ſit,
And Nature gave thee, open to diſtreſs,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bleſs.

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, deſpis'd, inſulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm reaſon credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or ſtarves at home, or practiſes, thro' fear
Of ſtarving, arts which damn all conſcience here.
When *Scribblers*, to the charge by int'reſt led,
The fierce *North-Briton* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On *Northern Piſgah* when they take their ſtand,
To mark the weakneſs of that *Holy Land*,
With needleſs truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public ſcorn,
Thy gen'rous ſoul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful but ill-natur'd page.

The *Scots* are poor, cries ſurly Engliſh pride;
True is the charge, nor by themſelves deny'd.

Are

Are they not then in ſtricteſt reaſon clear,
Who wiſely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low ſupple arts ſucceſsful grown,
They ſapp'd our vigour to increaſe their own,
If, mean in want, and inſolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more ſurely to devour,
Rous'd by ſuch wrongs ſhould Reaſon take alarm,
And e'en the Muſe for public ſafety arm;
But if they own ingenuous Virtue's ſway,
And follow where true Honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bleſs the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vaſt debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become diſcreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but Juſtice can't condemn.
"Into our places, ſtates, and beds they creep;"
They've ſenſe to get, what we want ſenſe to keep.
Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaſpheme the choſen race.
Into thoſe traps, which men *call'd* Patriots laid,
By ſpecious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagu'd againſt that ſacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But ſhall I meanly Error's path purſue,
When heavenly Truth preſents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, ſhall I go farther in?
To make the oath was raſh; to keep it, ſin.

Backward

Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what paſſion ſwore.
Converted, (bleſſed are the ſouls which know
Thoſe pleaſures which from true converſion flow,
Whether to reaſon, who now rules my breaſt,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttelton and Weſt)
Paſt crimes to expiate, be my preſent aim
To raiſe new trophies to the Scottiſh name,
To make (what can the proudeſt Muſe do more?)
E'en Faction's ſons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories, ſtamp'd with honeſt rimes,
In fulleſt tide roll down to lateſt times.

" Preſumptuous wretch! and ſhall a *Muſe* like thine,
" An *Engliſh Muſe*, the meaneſt of the nine,
" Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak ſtrain
" Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?
" Should he from toils of government retire,
" And for a moment fan the poet's fire,
" Should he, of ſciences the moral friend,
" Each *curious*, each *important* ſearch ſuſpend,
" Leave *unaſſiſted* Hill of herbs to tell,
" And *all the wonders of a cockle-ſhell*,
" Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
" Would not *the* Home ſtep forth, and gain the prize?
" Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
" The humble brows of one in *England* born,
" Preſumptuous ſtill thy daring muſt appear;
" Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilſt I am here."

Thus ſpake a *form*, by ſilken ſmile, and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the Laureat known,

Folly's

Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldeſt ſon,
In ev'ry party found, and yet of none.
This *airy ſubſtance*, this *ſubſtantial ſhade*,
Abaſh'd I heard, and with reſpect obey'd.
From themes too lofty for a bard ſo mean,
Diſcretion beckons to an humbler ſcene.
The reſtleſs fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and ſeek the ſylvan ſhade.
Now be the *Muſe* diſrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verſe by *Truth* ſupplied,
And if plain Nature pours a ſimple ſtrain,
Which Bute may praiſe, and Oſſian not diſdain,
Oſſian, *ſublimeſt*, *ſimpleſt* bard of all,
Whom *Engliſh infidels* Macpherſon *call*,
Then round my head ſhall honour's enſigns wave,
And penſions mark me for a willing ſlave.

Two boys, whoſe birth beyond all queſtion ſprings
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottiſh* lineage, born and bred
On the ſame bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard Nature doom'd on the ſame rocks
To ſpin out life, and ſtarve themſelves and flocks,
Freſh as the morning, which, enrob'd in miſt,
The mountain's top with uſual dullneſs kiſs'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours roſe;
Soon clad I ween, where Nature needs no cloaths,
Where,

Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-ſkies,
Dreſs and her vain refinements they deſpiſe.
Jockey, whoſe manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
With freckles ſpotted flam'd the golden down,
With mikle art could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the riſing to the ſetting day;
Sawney as long without remorſe could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his ſtrains, all natural tho' rude,
The *Highland laſs* forgot her want of food,
And, whilſt ſhe *ſcratch'd* her lover into reſt,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her Sawney's breaſt.
Far as the eye could reach, no tree was ſeen,
Earth, clad in ruſſet, ſcorn'd the lively green.
The plague of locuſts they ſecure defy,
For in three hours a graſhopper muſt die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feaſts there,
But the Cameleon, who can feaſt on air.
No birds, except as birds of paſſage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No ſtreams as amber ſmooth, as amber clear,
Were ſeen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's ſpring, which through the country ran,
Furniſh'd, with bitter draughts, the ſteady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white roſe,
Which on the tenth of June by inſtinct blows,
By inſtinct blows at morn, and, when the ſhades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by inſtinct fades.
One, and but one poor ſolitary cave,
Too ſparing of her favours, Nature gave;

That

That one alone (hard tax on *Scottiſh* pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beaſt ſupplied.
Their ſnares *without* entangling briers ſpread,
And thiſtles, arm'd againſt th' invader's head,
Stood in cloſe ranks all entrance to oppoſe,
Thiſtles now held more precious than the roſe.
All creatures which, on Nature's earlieſt plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to naſtineſs and ſpite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the ſight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their ſaviour ſhunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within:* marking her noiſome road
With poiſon's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were ſpread of more than common ſize,
And half-ſtarv'd ſpiders prey'd on half-ſtarv'd flies;
In queſt of food, efts ſtrove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, ſmear'd the ſlimy wall;
The cave around with hiſſing ſerpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And FAMINE, *by her children always known,*
As proud as poor, here fix'd her *native* throne.
Here, for the ſullen ſky was overcaſt,
And ſummer ſhrunk beneath a wint'ry blaſt,
A native blaſt, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked ſwain,
The boys for ſhelter made; behind, the ſheep,
Of which theſe ſhepherds every day *take keep,*
Sickly crept on, and with complaining rude,
On Nature ſeem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this cave, by tempeſt, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous ſtorm,
Are laid *emong* yon thiſtles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by ſhepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel ſky?
What if we tune ſome merry *roundelay?*
Well doſt thou ſing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY.

Ah, Jockey, ill adviſeſt thou, *I wis,*
To think of ſongs at ſuch a time as this.
Sooner ſhall herbage crown theſe barren rocks,
Sooner ſhall fleeces cloath theſe ragged flocks,
Sooner ſhall want ſeize ſhepherds of the ſouth,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of ſeaſon, ſhall impart
The ſongs of gladneſs with an aching heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a ſilly ſwain;
Of things paſt help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's ſpite;
No ſky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is ſorrow's ſalve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *areeds*, muſt be endur'd.

SAWNEY.

Full ſilly ſwain, *I wot*, is Jockey now;
How didſt thou bear thy Maggy's falſhood? how,

When with a foreign loon ſhe ſtole away,
Did'ſt thou forſwear thy pipe and ſhepherd's lay?
Where was thy boaſted wiſdom then, when I
Applied thoſe proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

O ſhe was *bonny!* All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found!
More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we Brimſtone call,
Or that choice plant, ſo grateful to the noſe,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A laſs ſo fair ſhould ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or ſong to charm the ear,
Thro' all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honeſt Scot,
And in the ſhepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapleſs ſwain,
In evil hour forſook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young Laird diſcreetly fled,
Was ſeiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

JOCKEY.

Full ſorely may we all lament that day;
For all were loſers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottiſh plains,
Well doſt thou know were none more hopeful ſwains;
Five brothers there I loſt, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:

Ah! filly ſwains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath ſhepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—There ſaw I ſtrangers clad
In all the honours of our raviſh'd *plaid*,
Saw the Ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the aukward victor's ſide.
There fell our choiceſt youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bleſs'd thoſe which fell! curs'd thoſe which ſtill ſurvive,
To mourn *Fifteen* renew'd in *Forty-five*.

Thus plain'd the Boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboſs'd, and overgrown with ſcurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abſtinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
Where hunger e'en to madneſs ſeem'd to riſe,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get looſe, and from their orbs to ſtart;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-ſunk cell,
Where wretchedneſs and horror lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of uſeleſs teeth ſupplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and curſing ſwallow'd nought but wind;
All ſhrivell'd was her ſkin, and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:

Such

Such filthy ſight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid ſhe threw.
Ceaſe, cried the goddeſs, ceaſe, deſpairing ſwains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!
Pent in this barren corner of the iſle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to ſmile;
Like Nature's baſtards, reaping for our ſhare
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongſt the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raiſe contempt and mirth;
Long free, becauſe the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us ſlaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whoſe ruin we for ages vainly fought;
Whom ſtill with unſlack'd hate we view, and ſtill,
The pow'r of miſchief loſt, retain the will;
Conſider'd as the refuſe of mankind,
A maſs till the laſt moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to ſtamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haſte, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would ſell their God, as once their King they ſold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
Theſe vile injurious taunts, and bear them ſtill.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promiſe of a better land:
Thence, like the *Sons of Iſrael*, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,

A barren desart, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With some few natives join'd, some *pliant* few,
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
There shall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners leave.

For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And *Scotsmen* reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit, our's;
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel thro' the deep;
The sail of Commerce for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
For us, sublimer heights shall Science reach,
For us, their Statesmen plot, their Churchmen preach;
Their noblest limbs of counsel we'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, imprison'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,

And

And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Diſcord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Deſolation ſtalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Juſtice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Think not, my ſons, that this ſo bleſs'd eſtate
Stands at a diſtance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future ſway,
E'en from this cave I ſcent my deſtin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whoſe former deeds ſhall Time's laſt annals grace,
In the rough face of peril muſt be ſought,
And with the lives of thouſands dearly bought;
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to ſcorn the blundering hero's heart,
Into the ſnare ſhall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

When Rome, to prop her ſinking empire, bore
Their choiceſt levies to a foreign ſhore,
What if we ſeiz'd, like a deſtroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded looſe to manly rage,
And ſcorning mercy, ſpar'd nor ſex nor age;
When, for our int'reſt too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent poſſeſs'd the throne,
What if we ſtrove diviſions to foment,
And ſpread the flames of civil diſcontent,

Aſſiſted thoſe who 'gainſt their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
When reſtleſs Glory bad her ſons advance,
And pitch'd her ſtandard in the fields of France;
What if, diſdaining oaths, and empty ſound,
By which our nation never ſhall be bound,
Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home;
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of Law, Religion, Liberty and Senſe,
When they againſt their lawful monarch roſe,
And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppoſe,
What if we ſtill rever'd the baniſh'd race,
And ſtrove the Royal Vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions ſhook th' unſettled ſtate,
And greatly dar'd, tho' croſs'd by partial fate;
Theſe facts, which might, where wiſdom held the ſway,
Awake the very ſtones to bar our way,
There ſhall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an Engliſh brain.
Bleſs'd with that *faith*, which mountains can remove,
Firſt they ſhall *dupes*, next *ſaints*, laſt *martyrs* prove.
Already is this game of fate begun
Under the ſanction of my darling ſon:
That ſon, of nature royal as his name,
Is deſtin'd to redeem our race from ſhame;
His boundleſs pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way ſmooth, the crooked ſtraight,
Shall for our eaſe the raging floods reſtrain,
And ſink the mountain level to the plain.

Diſcord.

Diſcord, whom in a cavern under ground
With maſſy fetters their late Patriot bound,
Where her own fleſh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curſes to the vacant air,
Where, that ſhe never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door.
For better purpoſe ſhall our Chief releaſe,
Diſguiſe her for a time, and call her Peace.
Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak Engliſh help themſelves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours ſhall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites are ſtill the ſame,
To ſoothe our rage, the temporiſing brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Againſt their ſaviour venom'd falſhoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith ſhall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremeſt perils tried,
Diſdain'd, and ſtill diſdains, to change her ſide)
That ſacred Majeſty they all approve,
Who moſt enjoys, and beſt deſerves their love.

AN

AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the ſons of men how few are known
Who dare be juſt to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and ſuperior ſenſe
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can ſcarcely bear,
So nice is Jealouſy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's baſe,
Proclaim thyſelf the monſter of thy race;
Let Vice and Folly thy black ſoul divide,
Be proud with meanneſs, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
From ſide to ſide, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all thoſe charities, thoſe ſacred ties,
Which Nature in her bounty, good as wiſe,
To work our ſafety, and enſure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Lift againſt Virtue power's oppreſſive rod,
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;

And,

And, in one gen'ral comprehenſive line,
To group, which volumes ſcarcely could define,
Whate'er of ſin and dullneſs can be ſaid,
Join to a F——'s heart a D———'s head;
Yet may'ſt thou paſs unnotic'd in the throng,
And, free from envy, ſafely ſneak along.
The rigid ſaint, by whom no mercy's ſhewn
To ſaints whoſe lives are better than his own,
Shall ſpare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, ſhall forgive a dunce.
But ſhould thy ſoul, form'd in ſome luckleſs hour,
Vile int'reſt ſcorn, nor madly graſp at pow'r;
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave diſeaſe, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reaſon's court, is amply juſtified;
Or fond of knowledge, and averſe to ſtrife,
Should'ſt thou preſer the calmer walk of life;
Should'ſt thou, by pale and ſickly Study led,
Purſue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy guide, and Public Good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the paſſions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the ſick weal, and humanize mankind:
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breaſt,
Redoubled horror grinning on her creſt,
Fiercer each ſnake, and ſharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell ſhall madd'ning Envy ſtart.
Then ſhalt thou find, but find alas! too late,
How vain is worth! how ſhort is glory's date!

Then

Then ſhalt thou find, whilſt friends with foes conſpire
To give more proof than virtue would deſire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's ſo great as daring to excel.
Whilſt Satire thus, diſdaining mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honeſt ſoul,
Candour, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the beſt, whene'er ſhe thinks at all,
With ſweet milk of human kindneſs bleſs'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repreſs'd.
Can'ſt thou, with more than uſual warmth, ſhe cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Can'ſt thou, ſevere by Nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thouſand ways,
To ſpin detraction forth from themes of praiſe,
To make Vice fit for purpoſes of ſtrife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
To make the good ſeem bad, the bad ſeem worſe,
And repreſent our nature as our curſe?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not diſcretion warn thee of diſgrace,
And danger grinning ſtare thee in the face;
Loud as the drum, which ſpreading terror round
From emptineſs acquires the pow'r of ſound?
Doth not the voice of Norton ſtrike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy ſoul with fear?
Do'ſt thou, fond man, believe thyſelf ſecure,
Becauſe thou'rt honeſt, and becauſe thou'rt poor?

Do'ſt

Do'ſt thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of pow'r?
When Wilkes, *prejudg'd*, is ſentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Do'ſt thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which ſtate-ſcoundrels oft have ſafety found)
Do'ſt thou pretend, and there a ſanction find,
Unpuniſh'd, thus to libel human kind?

When poverty, the poet's conſtant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rime,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'ſt thou not valu'd honour more than bread,
Had int'reſt, pliant int'reſt, been thy guide,
And had not prudence been debauch'd by pride,
In flatt'ry's ſtream thou would'ſt have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great, and not to honeſt men,
Nor ſhould conviction have ſeduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker tho' the better part.

What but rank folly, for thy curſe decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path miſlead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-ſoothing Panegyric's flow'ry way?
There might the Muſe have ſaunter'd at her eaſe,
And, pleaſing others, learn'd herſelf to pleaſe;
Lords ſhould have liſten'd to the ſugar'd treat,
And *ladies*, ſimp'ring, own'd it vaſtly ſweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verſe with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of taſte,

Muſt

Muſt have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such Wit, ſuch Truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy ſacred brethren too (for they no leſs
Than laymen, bring their off'rings to ſucceſs)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilſt thou
In *lawn* hadſt whiſper'd to a ſleeping croud,
As dull as R——, and half as proud.
Peace, Candour!—Wiſely had'ſt thou ſaid, and well,
Could int'reſt in this breaſt one moment dwell,
Could ſhe, with proſpect of ſucceſs, oppoſe
The firm reſolves which from conviction roſe.
I cannot truckle to a fool of ſtate,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by ſuch means to ſhine;
I ſcorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyſelf,
Thou haſt aſſum'd the maxims of that elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's diſhonour fram'd,
Cunning in Heav'n, among us Prudence nam'd,
That *ſervile* Prudence which I leave to thoſe
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I with cruel and oppreſſive rimes
Purſu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gaſping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made Modeſty in bluſhes ſpeak,
And drawn the tear down Beauty's ſacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that ſex which honour bids me praiſe;

Had

Had I, from vengeance by baſe views betray'd,
In endleſs night ſunk injur'd Ayliff's ſhade;
Had I (which Satiriſts of mighty name,
Renown'd in rime, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom Juſtice ſhall purſue
In future verſe) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Becauſe his worth was greater than my own;
Had I ſpar'd thoſe (ſo *Prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God ſo help me at my greateſt need,
I ne'er will ſpare, thoſe vipers to their King,
Who ſmooth their looks, and flatter whilſt they ſting,
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boaſt
Of thoſe, who flatter leaſt, but love him moſt;
Had I thus ſinn'd, my ſtubborn ſoul ſhould bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myſelf ſhould be the firſt
To hate myſelf, and ſtamp my Muſe accurs'd.
But ſhall my arm—forbid it manly pride,
Forbid it Reaſon, warring on my ſide—
For vengeance lifted high, the ſtroke forbear,
And hang ſuſpended in the deſart air,
Or to my trembling ſide unnerv'd ſink down,
Palſied, forſooth, by Candour's half-made frown?
When Juſtice bids me on, ſhall I delay
Becauſe inſipid Candour bars my way?
When ſhe, of all alike the puling friend,
Would diſappoint my Satire's nobleſt end,
When ſhe to villains would a ſanction give,
And ſhelter thoſe who are not fit to live,

When

When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush,
All leagues with Candour proudly I resign;
She cannot be for honour's turn, nor mine.

Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend,
Come Candour, by thy dull indifference known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect,
We call that Virtue which we know Defect;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times,
Observe it well, and then review my plan;
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.

Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at court;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of Excise;
Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name;
Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worshipp'd by those, who justice never knew;
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder thro' the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-fav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;

Whilst

Whilſt Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty ſoul for pay;
Whilſt titles ſerve to huſh a villain's fears;
Whilſt peers are agents made, and agents peers;
Whilſt baſe betrayers are themſelves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilſt C——, falſe to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour ſold,
To ſhame his maſter, friend, and father gives;
Whilſt Bute remains in pow'r, whilſt Holland lives;
Can Satire want a ſubject, where Diſdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her ſharpeſt ſtrain;
Where cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And Candour juſtify the rage of ſong?

Such things! ſuch men before thee! ſuch an age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And ſicken e'en to ſurfeit, where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fulleſt tide,
May ſpread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Juſtice behold the ruin with a ſmile;
Whilſt I, thy foe miſdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor diſapprove that rage I wiſh to ſtem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuſe
To ſoil the credit of thy haughty Muſe?
With fallacy, moſt infamous, to ſtain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the ſtage unfold;
When play'rs on play'rs before thy ſatire fell,
And poor Reviews conſpir'd thy wrath to ſwell;

When ſtates and ſtateſmen next became thy care,
And only kings were ſafe if thou waſt there;
Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in Judgment's ſcale,
And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail.
Why doſt thou now to falſhood meanly fly?
Not even Candour can forgive a lye.

Bad as men are, why ſhould thy frantic rimes
Traffic in ſlander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes, which exiſting only in thy mind,
Weak ſpleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleaſing hopes we lure the human heart
To practiſe virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart theſe ends, (which proud of honeſt fame,
A noble Muſe would cheriſh and enflame)
Thy *drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we ſeek, we never can obtain;
That dead to Virtue, loſt to Nature's plan,
Envy poſſeſſes the whole race of man;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wiſe.

'Tis a rank falſhood; ſearch the world around,
There cannot be ſo vile a monſter found,
Not one ſo vile, on whom ſuſpicions fall
Of that groſs guilt, which you impute to all.
Approv'd by thoſe who diſobey her laws,
Virtue from Vice itſelf extorts applauſe.
Her very foes bear witneſs to her ſtate;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.

Hate

Hate Virtue for herſelf, with ſpite purſue
Merit for merit's ſake! Might this be true,
I would renounce my Nature with diſdain,
And with the beaſts that periſh graze the plain:
Might this be true, had we ſo far fill'd up
The meaſure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt ſo deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirſting for ſin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin muſt involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in juſtice cruſh us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongſt them the worſt,
Thoſe who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
Can be ſo loſt; nor can the worſt of all
At once into ſuch deep damnation fall;
By painful ſlow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in hell muſt be a work of time.
Ceaſe then thy guilty rage, thou wayward ſon,
With the foul gall of diſcontent o'er-run,
Liſt to my voice—be honeſt, if you can,
Nor ſlander Nature in her fav'rite Man.
But if thy ſpirit, reſolute in ill,
Once having err'd, perſiſts in error ſtill,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent thoſe blaſphemies in air,
Which I would ſtamp as falſe, tho' on the tongue
Of angels the injurious ſlander hung.
Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who ſnares the coxcomb to deceive himſelf)
Or blinded by that rage, did'ſt thou believe
That we too, coolly, would curſelves deceive?

That we as ſterling falſhood would admit,
Becauſe 'twas ſeaſon'd with ſome little wit?
When fiction riſes pleaſing to the eye,
Men will believe, becauſe they love the lie;
But Truth herſelf, if clouded with a frown,
Muſt have ſome ſolemn proof to paſs her down.
Haſt thou, maintaining that which muſt diſgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,
Haſt thou, or can'ſt thou, in Truth's ſacred court,
To ſave thy credit, and thy cauſe ſupport,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground
On which ſo great, ſo groſs a charge to found!
Nay, do'ſt thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falſhood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man ſo loſt, to Nature ſo untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge thy raſhneſs drew?
On this foundation ſhalt thou ſtand or fall—
Prove that in One, which you have charg'd on All.
Reaſon determines, and it muſt be done;
'Mongſt men, or paſt, or preſent, name me One.
Hogarth—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
By thee have I been charg'd in angry ſtrains
With that mean falſhood which my ſoul diſdains—
Hogarth ſtand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, Candour, now thou ſhalt receive ſuch proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou ſhalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—

Hogarth

Hogarth ſtand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court, where Conſcience muſt preſide;
At that moſt ſolemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account you ſtand—
Speak, but conſider well—from firſt to laſt
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action paſt—
Nay, you ſhall have no reaſon to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Can'ſt thou remember from thy earlieſt youth,
And as thy God muſt judge thee, ſpeak the truth,
A ſingle inſtance where, *ſelf* laid aſide,
And juſtice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'ſt Genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a ſure offence,
And thy ſoul ſickens at the name of ſenſe.
Is any one ſo fooliſh to ſucceed,
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed?
Hogarth, a guilty pleaſure in his eyes,
The place of executioner ſupplies.
See how he glotes, enjoys the ſacred feaſt,
And proves himſelf by cruelty a prieſt.

Whilſt the weak artiſt, to thy whims a ſlave,
Would bury all thoſe pow'rs which Nature gave,
Would ſuffer blank concealment to obſcure
Thoſe rays, thy jealouſy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would ruſt unknown,
And to ſecure thy credit blaſt his own,
In Hogarth he was ſure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend.

But when his ſpirit, rous'd by honeſt ſhame,
Shook off that lethargy, and ſoar'd to fame,
When, with the pride of man, reſolv'd and ſtrong,
He ſcorn'd thoſe fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himſelf determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee, could ſuch a rebel know;
He had deſert, and Hogarth was his foe.

Souls of a tim'rous caſt, of petty name
In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to ſhame,
May ſome remorſe, ſome qualms of conſcience feel,
And ſuffer honour to abate their zeal;
But the man truly and compleatly great,
Allows no rule of action but his hate;
Thro' ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Paſſion his principle, and parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue ſpeak a mind
Within the pale of temperance confin'd;
The daring ſpirit ſcorns her narrow ſchemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.

Man's practice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
On the ſame plan hath Envy form'd her rage:
'Gainſt thoſe whom fortune hath our rivals made
In way of Science, and in way of Trade,
Stung with mean jealouſy ſhe arms her ſpite,
Firſt works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here a grand improver ſhines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
He like himſelf o'erleaps the ſervile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.

Should

Should painters only his vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize.
'Tis a groſs inſult to his o'ergrown ſtate;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,
Aroſe, his king, his country to defend,
When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the ſneaking cowards drew,
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To foil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce thee, at a time and place,
Where manly foes had bluſh'd to ſhew their face,
To make that effort, which muſt damn thy name,
And ſink thee deep, deep in thy grave with ſhame?
Did virtue move thee? No, 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadſt not done it, thou hadſt dy'd.
Malice (who, diſappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herſelf, and driven to the ſtake,
Gives Virtue that revenge ſhe ſcorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmoſt verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty eſcap'd thy ſcourge.

When that great Charter, which our fathers bought
With their beſt blood, was into queſtion brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each Engliſh head
Vile ſlav'ry hung ſuſpended by a thread;
When Liberty, all trembling and aghaſt,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was paſt;
When ev'ry breaſt was chill'd with deep deſpair,
Till reaſon pointed out that Pratt was there;

Lurking, moſt ruffian-like, behind a ſcreen,
So plac'd all things to ſee, himſelf unſeen,
Virtue, with due contempt, ſaw Hogarth ſtand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palſied hand.
What was the cauſe of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? Let them ſink or ſwim,
So he may gratify without controul,
The mean reſentments of his ſelfiſh ſoul.
Let Freedom periſh, if, to Freedom true,
In the ſame ruin Wilkes may periſh too.
With all the ſymptoms of aſſur'd decay,
With age and ſickneſs pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The ſpirits out of tune, the nerves unſtrung,
Thy body ſhrivell'd up, thy dim eyes ſunk
Within their ſockets deep, thy weak hams ſhrunk
The body's weight unable to ſuſtain,
The ſtream of life ſcarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honeſt truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wiſh'd thee well,
Can'ſt thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things elſe, to malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy cloſet, ſhut thee in,
By deep repentance waſh away thy ſin,
From haunts of men to ſhame and ſorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.
Vain exhortation! Waſh the Ethiop white,
Diſcharge the leopard's ſpots, turn day to night,
Controul the courſe of Nature, bid the deep
Huſh at thy pigmy voice her waves to ſleep,

Perform

Perform things paſſing ſtrange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in ſuch a heart.
That Envy which was woven in the frame
At firſt, will to the laſt remain the ſame.
Reaſon may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers ſtrength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who with giant ſtride
Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's ſide,
Retreats when ſhe hath drawn her lateſt breath,
And calmly hears her praiſes after death.
To ſuch obſervers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the manſion of his gloomy breaſt,
A manſion ſuited well to ſuch a gueſt,
Immortal, unimpair'd ſhe rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.

Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyſelf the idol of thy awkward ſtrain,
Thro' the dull meaſure of a ſummer's day,
In phraſe moſt vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilſt friends with friends all gaping ſit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praiſe.
But if athwart thee interruption came,
And mention'd with reſpect ſome ancient's name,
Some ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of Art with greateſt honour wore,
How have I ſeen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confuſion ſeize thy mangled tale!

How

How hath thy jealouſy to madneſs grown,
And deem'd his praiſe injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And Arts and Artiſts all became thy prey;
Then did'ſt thou trample on eſtabliſh'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient ſchools,
Condemn'd thoſe works, with praiſe thro' ages grac'd,
Which you had never ſeen, or could not taſte.
" But would mankind have true perfection ſhewn,
" It muſt be found in labours of my own.
" I dare to challenge in one ſingle piece,
" Th' united force of Italy and Greece."
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boaſted maſter-piece to view.
Spare thy remarks—lay not a ſingle word—
The picture ſeen, why is the painter heard?
Call not up ſhame and anger in our cheeks;
Without a comment Sigiſmunda ſpeaks.
Poor Sigiſmunda! what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great High-Prieſt of all the Nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muſe could give,
And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live;
Gave thee thoſe ſoft ſenſations, which might move
And warm the coldeſt anchorite to love;
Gave thee that virtue which could curb deſire,
Refine and conſecrate love's headſtrong fire;
Gave thee thoſe griefs which made the ſtoic feel,
And call'd compaſſion forth from hearts of ſteel;
Gave thee that firmneſs which our ſex may ſhame,
And make Man bow to Woman's juſter claim,

So

So that our tears, which from compaſſion flow,
Seem to debaſe thy dignity of woe.
But O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
How much from Nature and herſelf eſtrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To ſhew her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth Sigiſmunda now devoted ſtand,
The helpleſs victim of a Dauber's hand!

But why, *my* Hogarth, ſuch a progreſs made,
So rare a pattern for the ſign-poſt trade,
In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was *Heroic* painting laid aſide?
Why is it not reſum'd? Thy friends at court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy ſupport;
Be grateful then for once, and, thro' the field
Of politics, thy *Epic* pencil wield,
Maintain the cauſe, which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.

Thro' ev'ry *Pannel* let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, How Pitt and Temple fell!
How England's ſons (whom they conſpir'd to bleſs
Againſt our will, with inſolent ſucceſs)
Approve their fall, and with addreſſes run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottiſh ſun!
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the ſtrong arm of Juſtice, ſhook the world;
Thine, and thy country's honour to encreaſe,
Point out the honours of ſucceeding peace;
Our *moderation*, chriſtian-like, diſplay,
Shew what we got, and what we gave away.

In

In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a *State*-chaos thro' the whole prevail.
But, of events regardleſs, whilſt the Muſe,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme purſues;
Whilſt her quick ſpirits rouſe at Freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
Whilſt a dear country, and an injur'd friend,
Urge my ſtrong anger to the bitt'reſt end;
Whilſt honeſt trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue paſs unprais'd:
Juſtice with equal courſe bids Satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greateſt foe.
O! that I here could that rare Virtue mean,
Which ſcorns the rule of Envy, Pride, and Spleen,
Which ſprings not from the labour'd works of Art,
But hath its riſe from Nature in the heart,
Which in itſelf with happineſs is crown'd,
And ſpreads with joy the bleſſing all around!
But Truth forbids, and in theſe ſimple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of praiſe,
Muſt Hogarth ſtand: that praiſe which Genius gives,
In which to lateſt time the *Artiſt* lives,
But not the *Man*; which, rightly underſtood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good;
That praiſe be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there.
Foe as I am, ſhould Envy tear it down,
Myſelf would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that caſt of ſtyle,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us ſmile;

In

In Comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their ſoul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain ſtory to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd ſtands, and ſhall engage
Unrivall'd praiſe to the moſt diſtant age.

How could'ſt thou then to ſhame perverſely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee ſhun?
Why did Ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vaſt parts become the ſport of fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for ſome monſtrous crime
Pride ſtruck thee with the phrenzy of *Sublime*.
But, when the work was finiſh'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herſelf ſo blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor ſee thoſe faults which ev'ry blockhead ſaw?
Bluſh, thou vain man, and if deſire of fame,
Founded on real Art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick deſtruction Sigiſmunda give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.

But ſhould fond Candour, for her mercy ſake,
With pity view, and pardon this miſtake;
Or ſhould oblivion, to thy wiſh moſt kind,
Wipe off that ſtain, nor leave one trace behind;

Of

Of Arts *deſpis'd*, of Artiſts by thy frown
Aw'd from juſt hopes, of *riſing worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanneſs thro' this mortal race,
Can'ſt thou the living memory eraſe?
Or ſhall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back juſt that meaſure which you gave?
With ſo much merit, and ſo much ſucceſs,
With ſo much pow'r to curſe, ſo much to bleſs,
Would he have been man's friend inſtead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little God below.
Why then, like ſavage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in ſcripture ſtory we are told,
Doſt thou in cruelty that ſtrength employ,
Which Nature meant to ſave, not to deſtroy?
Why doſt thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou haſt made?
Moſt rank Ill-nature muſt applaud thy art;
But even Candour muſt condemn thy heart.

For me, who warm and zealous for my friend,
In ſpite of railing thouſands, will commend,
And, no leſs warm and zealous 'gainſt my foes,
Spite of commending thouſands, will oppoſe,
I dare thy worſt, with ſcorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glaſs,
We ſee how men to diſſolution paſs.
Thou *wretched Being*, whom, on Reaſon's plan,
So chang'd, ſo loſt, I cannot call a man,
What could perſuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afreſh into the ſea of ſtrife?

Better

Better for thee, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
Almoſt as much a child as at thy birth,
To have reſign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And ſunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs reſentment brave,
Thus to go down with ſorrow to the grave?
Now, by my ſoul, it makes me bluſh to know
My ſpirits could deſcend to ſuch a foe.
Whatever cauſe the vengeance might provoke,
It ſeems rank cowardice to give the ſtroke.
Sure 'tis a curſe which angry Fates impoſe,
To mortify man's arrogance, that thoſe
Who're faſhion'd of ſome better ſort of clay,
Much ſooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs muſt humble Genius feel,
In their laſt hours, to view a Swift and Steele?
How muſt ill-boding horrors fill her breaſt,
When ſhe beholds men, mark'd above the reſt
For qualities moſt dear, plung'd from that height,
And ſunk, deep ſunk, in ſecond childhood's night?
Are men, indeed, ſuch things, and are the beſt
More ſubject to this evil, than the reſt,
To drivel out whole years of ideot breath,
And ſit the monuments of living death?
O, galling circumſtance to human pride!
Abaſing thought, but not to be denied!
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herſelf, and is deſtroy'd by thought.
Conſtant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs and leaves a blank behind.

But let not youth, to inſolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Poſſeſs'd of Genius, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greateſt Genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.

THE

THE GHOST.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

WITH eager ſearch to dart the ſoul,
Curiouſly vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets wand'ring ſpheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all thoſe years ſhall flow
Serenely ſmooth, and free from woe,
Or rude misfortune ſhall deform
Our life, with one continual ſtorm;
Or if the ſcene ſhall motley be,
Alternate joy and miſery;
Is a deſire, which, more or leſs,
All men muſt feel, tho' few confeſs.
Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords ſubſiſtence to the ſage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the ſtars,

From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come ſome ages hence,
Which unto friends, at eaſy rates,
He readily communicates.
At its firſt riſe, which all agree on,
This noble ſcience was Chaldean,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the ſtars, obſerv'd their motions,
And ſuck'd in aſtrologic notions,
Which they ſo eagerly purſue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilſt they're conſulting things above;
And when they now ſo poor were grown,
That they'd no houſes of their own,
They made bold with their friends the ſtars,
And prudently made uſe of theirs.
To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,
And Fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
Th' exotic Science ſoon ſtruck root,
And flouriſh'd into high repute.
Each learned prieſt, O ſtrange to tell!
Could circles make, and caſt a ſpell;
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of Divination.
Nobles themſelves, for at that time
Knowledge in Nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the prieſt,
And propheſy as much at leaſt.

Hence

Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friends' desires,
From Bampfield Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all;
Whom we, mistaking, Gipsies call.
The Grecian Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other sciences,
From fertile Egypt, tho' the loan
They had not honesty to own.
Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers:
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle priest on three-legg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play'd the fool.
A mystery, so made for gain,
E'en now in fashion must remain.
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such business to their shop,
And that great saint we Whitefield call,
Keeps up the Humbug Spiritual.
Among the Romans, not a bird
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of empires often hung
On the magician magpie's tongue,

And ev'ry crow was to the ſtate
A ſure interpreter of Fate.
Prophets, embodied in a College,
(Time out of mind your ſeat of knowledge,
For Genius never fruit can bear
Unleſs it firſt is planted there,
And ſolid learning never falls
Without the verge of College walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was beſt to watch or ſleep,
To eat or drink, to go or ſtay,
And when to fight or run away;
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe*;
When Emperors would live or die,
They in an *Aſs's ſcull* could ſpy;
When gen'rals would their ſtation keep,
Or turn their backs, *in hearts of ſheep*.
In matters, whether ſmall or great,
In private families or ſtate,
As amongſt us, the holy Seer
Officiouſly would interfere,
With pious arts and rev'rend ſkill
Would bend Lay Bigots to his will,
Would help or injure foes or friends,
Juſt as it ſerv'd his private ends.
Whether in honeſt way of trade,
Traps for virginity were laid,
Or if, to make their party great,
Deſigns were form'd againſt the State,

Regardleſs

Regardleſs of the common weal,
By int'reſt led, which they call zeal,
Into the ſcale was always thrown
The will of Heav'n to back *their own.*
England, a happy land we know,
Where follies naturally grow;
Where without culture they ariſe,
And tow'r above the common ſize;
England a fortune-telling hoſt,
As num'rous as the ſtars, could boaſt;
Matrons, who toſs the cup, and ſee
The grounds of Fate in grounds of Tea;
Who vers'd in ev'ry modeſt lore,
Can a loſt maidenhead reſtore,
Or, if their pupils rather chuſe it,
Can ſhew the readieſt way to loſe it;
Gypſies, who ev'ry ill can cure,
Except the ill of being poor;
Who charms 'gainſt Love and Agues ſell,
Who can in hen-rooſt ſet a ſpell,
Prepar'd by arts, to them beſt known,
To catch all feet except their own;
Who as to fortune can unlock it,
As eaſily as pick a pocket;
Scotchmen who, in their country's right,
Poſſeſs the gift of *ſecond-ſight*,
Who (when their barren heaths they quit,
Sure argument of *prudent* wit,
Which reputation to maintain,
They never venture back again)

By lyes prophetic heap up riches,
And boaſt the luxury of breeches.
Amongſt the reſt, in former years,
Campbell, illuſtrious name, appears,
Great hero of futurity,
Who *blind* could ev'ry thing *foreſee*,
Who *dumb* could ev'ry thing *foretell*,
Who, Fate with equity to ſell,
Always dealt out the will of Heaven
According to what price was given.
Of Scottiſh race, in Highlands born,
Poſſeſs'd with native pride and ſcorn,
He hither came, by cuſtom led,
To curſe the hands which gave him bread.
With want of truth, and want of ſenſe,
Amply made up by impudence,
(A *ſuccedaneum*, which we find
In common uſe with all mankind)
Careſs'd and favour'd too by thoſe,
Whoſe heart with patriot feelings glows;
Who fooliſhly, where'er diſpers'd,
Still place their native country firſt;
(For Engliſhmen alone have ſenſe,
To give a *ſtranger* preference,
Whilſt modeſt merit of their own
Is left in poverty to groan)
Campbell foretold juſt what he wou'd,
And left the ſtars to make it good;
On whom he had impreſs'd ſuch awe,
His dictates current paſs'd for law;

Sub-

Submiſſive all his empire own'd;
No ſtar durſt ſmile, when Campbell frown'd.
This Sage deceas'd, for all muſt die,
And Campbell's no more ſafe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When Death ſhall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded, ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the ſpheres;
Another and *another* came,
Of equal ſkill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wiſe each frown;
In ev'ry thing ſo like, you'd ſwear,
Campbell himſelf was ſitting there.
To *all* the happy Art was known,
To tell *our* fortunes, make *their own*.
Seated in garret, for you know,
The nearer to the ſtars we go,
The greater we eſteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from ev'ry part.
The rich, the poor, the maid, the married,
And thoſe who could not walk, were carried.
The Butler, hanging down his head,
By *chamber-maid*, or *cook-maid* led,
Enquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd ſpoon.
The Court-bred Woman of Condition
(Who, to approve her diſpoſition
As much ſuperior as her birth
To thoſe compos'd of common earth,

With double ſpirit muſt engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the cards, and cog a die.
The Hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongſt the chiefs of *Butcher-Row*,
Who might ſome thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to gueſs
At his employment by his dreſs,
Put med'cines off from cart or ſtage,
The grand Toſcano of the age,
Or might about the countries go,
High-Steward of a puppet-ſhew,
Steward and Stewardſhip moſt meet,
For all know puppets never eat;
Who would be thought, (tho', ſave the mark,
That point is ſomething in the dark)
The Man of Honour, one like thoſe
Renown'd in ſtory, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for ſport, from morn to night;
Who treads like Mavors firm, whoſe tongue
Is with the triple thunder hung;
Who cries to Fear—Stand off—aloof—
And talks as he were cannon-proof;
Would be deem'd ready, when you liſt,
With ſword and piſtol, ſtick and fiſt,
Careleſs of points, balls, bruiſes, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,

But

But at the ſame time bears about,
Within himſelf, ſome touch of doubt,
Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly underſtood
By all to be a real good;
That, even in a *Hero*'s heart,
Diſcretion is the better part;
That this ſame Honour may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run)
Like Drugger comes, that magic pow'rs
May aſcertain his *lucky* hours.
For at ſome hours the fickle dame
Whom Fortune properly we name,
Who ne'er conſiders wrong or right,
When wanted moſt plays leaſt in ſight,
And, like a modern *Court-bred* jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into ſome other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear uſurps the vacant ſeat;
Whence *planet-ſtruck* we often find
Stuarts and Sackvilles of mankind.
Farther he'd know (and by his art
A conjuror can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a ſecond,
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;

Whether

Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full ſtomachs mad;
Whether before he ſeeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein;
Whether a gentle ſalivation,
Conſiſtently with reputation,
Might not of precious uſe be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound,
But to prevent the conſequence
Which oftentimes ariſes thence,
Thoſe fevers, which the patient urge on
To gates of death, by help of ſurgeon;
Whether a wind at eaſt or weſt
Is for green wounds accounted beſt;
Whether (was he to chuſe) his mouth
Should point towards the north or ſouth;
Whether more ſafely he might uſe,
On theſe occaſions, pumps or ſhoes;
Whether it better is to fight
By *ſun-ſhine*, or by *candle-light*;
Or (leſt a *candle* ſhould appear
Too mean to ſhine in ſuch a ſphere,
For who would of a candle tell
To light a hero into hell,
And leſt the *Sun* ſhould partial riſe
To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,
Or one or t' other's brains to ſcorch)
Might not *Dame* Luna hold a torch?
Theſe points with dignity diſcuſs'd,
And gravely fix'd, a taſk which muſt

Require

Require no little time and pains,
To make our hearts friends with our brains,
The *Man of War* would next engage
The kind assistance of the Sage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which should make these of none effect.
Could he not, from the mystic school
Of Art, produce some sacred rule,
By which a knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were, or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to those who would not fight?
Or could he not some way dispense,
By help of which (without offence
To *Honour*, whose nice nature's such,
She scarce endures the slightest touch)
When he for want of t' other rule
Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
With some vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?
Or, should some Dæmon lay a scheme
To drive him to the last extreme,
So that he must confess his fears,
In mercy to his nose and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not some expedient buy
To keep his shame from public eye?
For well he held, and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,

That

That Honour's like a *maiden-head*,
Which if in private brought to bed,
Is none the worſe, but walks the town,
Ne'er loſt, until the loſs be known.
The Parſon too (for now and then
Parſons are juſt like other men,
And here and there a *grave* Divine
Has paſſions ſuch as your's or mine)
Burning with *holy* luſt to know
When Fate preferment will beſtow,
'Fraid of detection, not of ſin,
With circumſpection ſneaking in
To *Conj'ror*, as he does to *Whore*,
Thro' ſome bye-alley, or back-door,
With the ſame caution *orthodox*
Conſults the *ſtars*, and gets a *pox*.
The Citizen, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no Deity but Gold,
Worn out, and gaſping now for breath,
A med'cine wants to keep off death;
Would know, if That he cannot have,
What coins are current in the grave;
If, when the ſtocks (which by *his* pow'r
Would riſe or fall in half an hour,
For, tho' unthought of and unſeen,
He work'd the ſprings behind the ſcreen)
By *his* directions came about,
And roſe to *par*, he ſhould ſell out;
Whether he ſafely might, or no,
Replace it in the funds *below*.

By

By all addreſs'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many purſu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Succeſſive held the Magic throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling paſſion,
The love of novelty and faſhion,
Ambition, Av'rice, Luſt, and Pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry ſide.
But when the *prudent* laws thought fit
To curb this inſolence of Wit;
When Senates wiſely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,
That no ſuch vile and upſtart elves
Should have more knowledge than themſelves;
When fines and penalties were laid
To ſtop the progreſs of the trade,
And ſtars no longer could diſpenſe,
With *honour*, farther influence,
And Wizards (which muſt be confeſt
Was of more force than all the reſt)
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were informers, and which not;
Affrighted Sages were, perforce,
Oblig'd to ſteer ſome other courſe.
By various ways, theſe *Sons of Chance*
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
Knaves ſtarve not in the *Land of Fools*.
Some, with high titles and degrees,
Which wiſe men borrow when they pleaſe,

Without

Without or trouble or expence,
Phyſicians inſtantly commence,
And proudly boaſt an equal ſkill
With thoſe who claim the *right to kill*.
Others about the countries roam,
(For not One thought of going *home*)
With piſtol and adopted leg
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.
Some, the more ſubtle of their râce,
(Who felt ſome touch of *coward* grace,
Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deſerving it)
Came to their *brother* Smollet's aid,
And carried on the Critic trade.
Attach'd to Letters and the Muſe,
Some verſes wrote, and *ſome* wrote news;
Thoſe each revolving month are ſeen,
The heroes of a *Magazine*;
Theſe, ev'ry morning, great appear
In Ledger, or in Gazetteer;
Spreading the falſhoods of the day
By turns for Faden and for Say;
Like Swiſs, their force is always laid
On that ſide where they beſt are paid.
Hence mighty prodigies ariſe,
And daily Monſters ſtrike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More ſtrange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And Fools believe, whilſt Liars eat.

Now

Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a ſuperſtitious age ;
Now comets thro' the æther range,
In governments portending change ;
Now rivers to the ocean fly
So quick they leave their channels dry ;
Now monſtrous whales on Lambeth ſhore
Drink the Thames dry, and thirſt for more ;
And ev'ry now and then appears
An Iriſh ſavage numb'ring years
More than thoſe happy ſages cou'd,
Who drew their breath before the Flood.
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A *church* is left without a *ſteeple* ;
A *ſteeple* now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the *church*,
Which, borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find.
Now, wrath on cattle to diſcharge,
Hail-ſtones as deadly fall, and large
As thoſe which were on Egypt ſent,
At once their crime and puniſhment ;
Or thoſe which, as the Prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of Amorites,
When, ſtruck with wonder and amaze,
The *Sun* ſuſpended, ſtay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty longer kept,
In Ajalon his *ſiſter* ſlept.
But if ſuch things no more engage
The taſte of a politer age,

To

To help them out in time of need
Another Tofts muſt *rabbits* breed.
Each pregnant female trembling hears,
And, overcome with ſpleen and fears,
Conſults her faithful glaſs no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a *doe*.
Now to promote their private ends,
Nature her uſual courſe ſuſpends,
And varies from the ſtated plan,
Obſerv'd e'er ſince the world began.
Bodies (which fooliſhly we thought,
By cuſtom's ſervile maxims taught,
Needed a regular ſupply,
And without nouriſhment muſt die)
With craving appetites and ſenſe
Of hunger eaſily diſpenſe,
And, pliant to *their* wond'rous ſkill,
Are taught, like *watches*, to ſtand ſtill
Uninjur'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes, the tale ſucceeds,
Amply ſupplies its author's needs,
And Betty Canning is at leaſt,
With Gaſcoyne's help, a ſix months feaſt.
Whilſt in contempt of all our pains,
The tyrant Superſtition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan:

Whilſt

Whilſt fond Credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholeſome doubts could bear,
To Reaſon and herſelf unjuſt,
Takes all things blindly up on truſt;
Whilſt Curioſity, whoſe rage
No mercy ſhews to ſex or age,
Muſt be indulg'd at the expence
Of *Judgment*, *Truth*, and *Common Senſe*;
Impoſtures cannot but prevail,
And when *old miracles* grow ſtale,
Jugglers will ſtill the art purſue,
And entertain the world with *new*.
For Them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty ſkill,
Sad Spirits, ſummon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghaſtly thro' the gloom,
In all the uſual pomp of ſtorms,
In horrid cuſtomary forms,
A Wolf, a Bear, a Horſe, an Ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them ſhape
Tormented with deſpair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, howe'er
The face of courage it may wear,
Is ſtill a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms ſtart.
The Prieſt, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wiſe,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unleſs eſcorted by his Clerk.

But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of ſo deep a ſcheme:
For reputation of the *Art*,
Each Ghoſt muſt act a proper part,
Obſerve *Decorum*'s needful grace,
And keep the laws of *Time* and *Place*,
Muſt change, with happy variation,
His manners with his ſituation;
What in the country might paſs down,
Would be impertinent in town.
No Spirit of *diſcretion* here
Can think of breeding awe and fear,
'Twill ſerve the purpoſe more by half
To make the congregation laugh.
We want no enſigns of ſurprize,
Locks ſtiff with gore, and ſawcer eyes;
Give *us* an entertaining *Sprite*,
Gentle, familiar, and polite,
One who appears in ſuch a form
As might an holy hermit warm,
Or who on former ſchemes refines,
And only talks by ſounds and ſigns,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her viſits to the ear,
And knocks ſo gently, 'twould not fright
A lady in the darkeſt night.
Such is *our* FANNY, whoſe good will,
Which cannot in the grave lie ſtill,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and lovers in Cock-Lane.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

A SACRED ſtandard rule we find,
By Poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's ſhrine,
And call on One, or All the Nine.
This cuſtom, thro' a *bigot* zeal,
Which Moderns of *fine taſte* muſt feel
For thoſe who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted ſtands like many more,
Tho' ev'ry cauſe, which then conſpir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to Time's deſtructive courſe,
For ages paſt hath loſt its force.
With *ancient* bards, an Invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worſhip an eſſential part,
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull ſolemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to ſerve a turn.
They talk'd not of Caſtalian Springs,
By way of ſaying *pretty things*,
As *we* dreſs out our flimſy rimes;
'Twas the Religion of the *times*,

And they believ'd that *holy* ſtream
With greater force made Fancy teem,
Reckon'd by all a true ſpecific
To make the barren brain prolific:
Thus Romiſh Church (a ſcheme which bears
Not half ſo much excuſe as theirs)
Since Faith *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *Holy Water*.

The Pagan Syſtem, whether true
Or falſe, its ſtrength, like *buildings*, drew
From many parts diſpos'd to bear,
In one great Whole, their proper ſhare.
Each God of *eminent* degree
To ſome vaſt *beam* compar'd might be;
Each Godling was a *peg*, or rather
A *cramp*, to keep the *beams* together;
And man as ſafely might pretend
From Jove the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aſpire
To rob Apollo of his *lyre*.

With ſettled faith and pious awe,
Eſtabliſh'd by the voice of law,
Then Poets to the Muſes came,
And from their altars caught the flame.
Genius, with Phœbus for his guide,
The Muſe aſcending by his ſide,
With tow'ring pinions dar'd to ſoar,
Where eye could ſcarcely ſtrain before.

But why ſhould We, who cannot feel
Theſe glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,

That

That wild *enthuſiaſtic* force,
By which, above her common courſe,
Nature in *extacy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with ſcorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* religion than *our own*,
And feel not half ſo fierce a flame
At Clio's as at Fiſher's name;
Who know theſe boaſted *ſacred ſtreams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That Thames has waters clear as thoſe
Which on the top of Pindus roſe,
And that the Fancy to refine,
Water's not half ſo good as wine;
Who know, if profit ſtrikes our eye,
Should we drink Helicon quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So ſoon as one poor jug from Tweed;
Who, if to raiſe poetic fire,
The pow'r of *beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the Grecians ever knew;
If *Wit* into the ſcale is thrown,
Can boaſt a Lennox of our own;
Why ſhould *we* ſervile cuſtoms chuſe,
And court an *antiquated Muſe?*
No matter why—to aſk a *reaſon*,
In Pedant Bigotry is treaſon.
In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd Panegyric Ode*,

No *Modern Poet* dares to ride
Without Apollo by his ſide,
Nor in a *Sonnet* take the air,
Unleſs his *Lady Muſe* be there.
She, from ſome *Amaranthine* grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The laurel to *my Lord* muſt bear,
Or garlands make for *whores* to wear;
She, with ſoft *elegiac* verſe,
Muſt grace ſome *mighty villain*'s hearſe;
Or for ſome *infant*, doom'd by Fate
To wallow in a large eſtate,
With rimes the cradle muſt adorn,
To tell the world a *fool* is born.
Since then our Critic Lords expect
No hardy Poet ſhould reject
Eſtabliſh'd maxims, or preſume
To place much better in their room,
By nature fearful, I ſubmit,
And in this dearth of Senſe and Wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little ſaid*,
(By wild excurſive Fancy led,
Into a Second Book thus far,
Like ſome unwary *traveller*,
Whom varied ſcenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn;
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry ſtep leads more aſtray;
Who gazing round can no where ſpy,
Or houſe, or friendly cottage nigh,

And reſolution ſeems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke ſome Goddeſs to deſcend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Tho' conſcious Arrow all the while
Hears the petition with a ſmile,
Before the glaſs her charms unfolds,
And in *herſelf* My *Muſe* beholds.
Truth, Goddeſs of celeſtial birth,
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whoſe pow'r but ſeldom rules the heart,
Whoſe name, with hypocritic art,
An errant ſtalking-horſe is made,
A ſnug pretence to drive a trade,
An inſtrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, Falſhood's throne,
As rebels varniſh o'er their cauſe
With ſpecious colouring of laws,
And *pious* traitors draw the knife
In the King's *name* againſt his *life*;
Whether (from *cities* far away,
Where *fraud* and *falſhood* ſcorn thy ſway)
The faithful nymph's and ſhepherd's pride,
With Love and Virtue by thy ſide,
Your hours in harmleſs joys are ſpent
Amongſt the children of Content;
Or, fond of gaiety and ſport,
You tread the round of England's Court;
Howe'er my Lord may frowning go,
And treat the *ſtranger* as a *foe*,

Sure to be found a welcome gueſt
In George's and in Charlotte's breaſt;
If, in the giddy hours of youth,
My conſtant ſoul adher'd to Truth;
If, from the time I firſt wrote Man,
I ſtill purſu'd thy ſacred plan,
Tempted by intereſt in vain
To wear mean Falſhood's golden chain;
If, for a ſeaſon drawn away,
Starting from Virtue's path aſtray,
All low diſguiſe I ſcorn'd to try,
And dar'd to ſin, but not to lye;
Hither, O hither, condeſcend,
Eternal Truth, thy ſteps to bend,
And favour *him*, who ev'ry hour
Confeſſes and obeys thy pow'r!
But come not with that eaſy mien,
By which you won the *lively* Dean,
Nor yet aſſume that ſtrumpet air,
Which Rabelais taught thee firſt to wear,
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace,
But come in ſacred veſture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly ſad!
Far from thy ſeemly matron train
Be ideot Mirth, and Laughter vain!
For Wit and Humour, which pretend
At once to pleaſe us and amend,
They are not for my preſent turn,
Let them remain in *France* with Sterne.

Of

Of nobleſt *City parents* born,
Whom wealth and dignities adorn,
Who ſtill one conſtant tenor keep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep,
With Thee, let formal Dullneſs come,
And deep Attention, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilſt every circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Whoſe down-caſt eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to ſome outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But ſtupid without viſion ſtares;
Thy ſteps let Gravity attend,
Wiſdom's and *Truth*'s unerring friend.
For *one* may ſee with half an eye,
That Gravity can never lye;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With ſolemn proof proclaims him *wiſe*.
Free from all waggeries and ſports,
The produce of luxurious *Courts*,
Where ſloth and luſt enervate youth,
Come *thou*, a down-right *City* Truth;
The City, which we ever find
A ſober pattern for mankind;
Where *man*, in equilibrio hung,
Is ſeldom old, and never young,
And from the cradle to the grave,
Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's ſlave;

As *dancers* on the *wire* we ſpy,
Hanging between the earth and ſky.
She comes—I ſee her from afar
Bending her courſe to *Temple-Bar:*
All ſage and ſilent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may ſuit a *Parſon*'s wear,
And fit the head-piece of a *Mayor.*
By Truth inſpir'd, *our* Bacon's force
Open'd the way to Learning's ſource;
Boyle thro' the works of Nature ran;
And Newton, ſomething more than man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden ſprings,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our ſpirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.
By Truth inſpir'd, when *Lauder*'s ſpight
O'er Milton caſt the veil of night,
Douglas aroſe, and thro' the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the ſubtle traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilſt He (O ſhame to nobleſt parts,
Diſhonour to the lib'ral arts,
To traffic in ſo vile a ſcheme!)
Whilſt He, *our letter'd* Polypheme,
Who had *Confed'rate* forces join'd,
Like a baſe coward, ſkulk'd behind.
By Truth inſpir'd, our *Critics* go
To track Fingal in *Highland* ſnow,

To

To form their own and others *creed*
From *Manuſcripts* they cannot read.
By Truth inſpir'd, we numbers ſee
Of each profeſſion and degree,
Gentle and Simple, Lord and Cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit,
When Punch and Sheridan have done,
To FANNY's *Ghoſtly Lectures* run.
By Truth and FANNY now inſpir'd,
I feel my glowing boſom fir'd;
Deſire beats high in ev'ry vein
To ſing the Spirit of Cock-Lane;
To tell (juſt as the meaſure flows
In halting rime, half verſe, half proſe)
With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How *ſhe* united force withſtood,
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To *Wit* and *Dulneſs* in alliance.
This APPARITION (with relation
To ancient modes of *derivation*,
This we may properly ſo call,
Although it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of *Inuendo*,
Lucus is made *à non lucendo*)
Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly diſdains that ſervile road,
Which coward ghoſts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thouſand years,
And for reſtraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own*.

Others,

Others may meanly ſtart away,
Aw'd by the herald of the day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freſhneſs of the morning air,
May vaniſh with the melting gloom,
And glide in ſilence to the tomb;
She dares the ſun's moſt piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their viſits pay to *one* or *two*;
She great in reputation grown,
Keeps the beſt company in town.
Our active enterpriſing Ghoſt
As large and ſplendid routs can boaſt
As thoſe which, rais'd by Pride's command,
Block up the paſſage thro' the *Strand*.
Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who ſerve their time on the *parade*;
She-Saints who, true to pleaſure's plan,
Talk about God, and luſt for man;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor Ghoſt,
And fools, who worſhip ev'ry poſt;
Cowards, whoſe lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And Cits, who for the ſame cauſe cry;
The canting Tabernacle-Brother,
(For one rogue ſtill ſuſpects another)
Ladies, who to a *Spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *huſbands* lie;

Lords,

Lords, who as chaſtely paſs their lives
With *other* women as their *wives* ;
Proud of their intellects and cloaths,
Phyſicians, Lawyers, Parſons, Beaux,
And, truant from their deſks and ſhops,
Spruce Temple clerks, and 'prentice fops,
To FANNY come, with the ſame view,
To find her falſe, or find her true.
Hark ! ſomething creeps about the houſe !
Is it a *Spirit*, or a *Mouſe ?*
Hark ! ſomething *ſcratches* round the room !
A *cat*, a *rat*, a *ſtubb'd birch-broom.*
Hark ! on the wainſcot now it *knocks !*
If thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, cried Orthodox,
With that affected *ſolemn* air
Which Hypocrites delight to wear,
And all thoſe *forms of conſequence*
Which Fools adopt inſtead of *ſenſe* ;
If thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, who from the tomb
Stalk'ſt ſadly *ſilent* thro' this gloom,
In breach of Nature's ſtated laws,
For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cauſe,
Give *now* nine knocks ; like Prieſts of old,
Nine *we* a *ſacred number* hold.
'Pſha, cried Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* arts,
Who to their hidden ſprings had trac'd
The force of Numbers, *rightly plac'd*)
As to the Number, you are right,
As to the *form*, miſtaken quite.

What's

What's Nine? Your Adepts all agree,
The Virtue lies in *three times three*.
He ſaid, no need to ſay it twice,
For Thrice ſhe *knock'd*, and Thrice, and Thrice.
The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In ſilence at each other gaz'd.
From Cælia's hand the ſnuff-box fell.
Tinſel, who ogled with the Belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He ſtoops, but cannot riſe again.
Immane Pompoſo was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear ſeizes Heroes, Fools, and Wits,
And Plauſible his pray'rs forgets.
At length, as people juſt awake,
Into wild diſſonance they break;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was underſtood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noiſe of chatt'ring geeſe,
Slow ſailing on the Summer breeze;
Such is the language Diſcord ſpeaks
In *Welch-women* o'er beds of *leeks*;
Such the confus'd and horrid ſounds
Of *Iriſh* in potatoe-grounds.
But tir'd, for even C———'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
Fear and Confuſion found retreat,
Reaſon and Order take their ſeat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the cauſes out.

For

For this a ſacred rule we find
Among the niceſt of mankind,
Which never might exception brook,
From Hobbes e'en down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unleſs they know the cauſes too.
Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all farther pother,
Probably meant nor one nor t' other,
Who to be ſilent always loth,
Would ſpeak on either ſide, or both,
Who, led away by love of fame,
If any new idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always ſaid it,
Not with an eye to Truth, but Credit;
For Orators *profeſt*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* ſake, but their *own*;
Who always ſhew'd his talents beſt
When ſerious things were turn'd to jeſt,
And, under much impertinence,
Poſſeſs'd no common ſhare of ſenſe;
Who could deceive the flying hours
With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
With the ſame zeal as of a ſaint;
Could prove a *Sibyl* brighter far
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
Whilſt ſomething ſtill ſo gay, ſo new,
The ſmile of approbation drew,

And

And females ey'd the charming man,
Whilſt their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
Trifle, who would by no means miſs
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his uſual plan,
Smil'd, ſtrok'd his chin, and thus began.
With *ſheers* or *ſciſſors*, *ſword* or *knife*,
When the Fates cut the thread of life,
(For if we to the grave are ſent,
No matter with what *inſtrument*)
The *body* in ſome lonely ſpot,
On dunghill vile, is laid to rot,
Or ſleeps among more *holy* dead,
With pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The ſoul is ſent, where Fate ordains,
To reap rewards, to ſuffer pains.
The Virtuous to thoſe manſions go,
Where pleaſures unembitter'd flow;
Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
Vigour and Youth *dance* hand in hand,
Whilſt Zephyr, with *harmonious* gales,
Pipes ſofteſt *muſic* thro' the vales,
And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With *velvet carpets* ſpread the ground;
With *livelier bluſh* where roſes bloom,
And ev'ry ſhrub *expires perfume*;
Where *cryſtal* ſtreams *meand'ring glide*,
Where *warbling* flows the *amber tide*;
Where other *Suns* dart brighter beams,
And Light thro' *purer æther* ſtreams.

Far

Far other ſeats, far diff'rent ſtate
The ſons of Wickedneſs await.
Juſtice (not that *old hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the *Garden* ſeen,
Who lets no ſpark of *mercy* riſe
For crimes, *by which men loſe their eyes*;
Nor Her who, with an equal hand,
Weighs *tea* and *ſugar* in the Strand;
Nor Her who, by the world deem'd *wiſe*,
Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainſt the ſtarving orphan's tears,
On *pawns* her baſe *tribunal* rears;
But Her who after death preſides,
Whom ſacred Truth unerring guides;
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor ſinks nor raiſes *evidence*,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no *bribe*, and keeps no *clerk*)
Juſtice with equal ſcale below
In due proportion weighs out woe,
And always with ſuch lucky aim
Knows puniſhments ſo fit to frame,
That ſhe augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reaſon to complain.
Old Maids and Rakes are join'd together,
Coquettes and *prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *chum* with *Common Senſe*,
And *Luſt* is yok'd to *Impotence*.
Profeſſors (*Juſtice* ſo decreed)
Unpaid muſt conſtant *Lectures* read;

On earth it often doth befal,
They're *paid*, and *never read at all.*
Parſons muſt practiſe what they teach,
And *Biſhops* are compell'd to preach.
She who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whoſe tender nature could not bear
The rudeneſs of the churliſh air,
Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And ſells, whilſt tears with liquor mix,
Burnt brandy on the ſhore of Styx.
Avaro, by long uſe grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his Redeemer would pull down,
And ſell his God for half-a-crown;
Who, if ſome blockhead ſhould be willing
To lend him on his ſoul a ſhilling,
A well-made bargain would eſteem it,
And have more ſenſe than to redeem it;
Juſtice ſhall in thoſe ſhades confine,
To drudge for Plutus in the mine,
All the day long to toil and roar,
And curſing work the ſtubborn ore,
For coxcombs *here*, who have no brains,
Without a fixpence for his pains.
Thence, with each due return of night,
Compell'd, the *tall, thin*, half-ſtarv'd ſprite
Shall earth re-viſit, and ſurvey
The place where once his treaſure lay;

Shall

Shall view the *ſtall*, where *holy* Pride
With *letter'd* Ignorance allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Deſcended to another Lord.
Then ſhall *he* ſcreaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and ſcowl deſpair;
Then ſhall *he* ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, ſink to hell for eaſe.

Thoſe who on earth thro' life have paſt
With equal pace, from firſt to laſt,
Nor vex'd with paſſions nor with ſpleen,
Inſipid, eaſy, and ſerene;
Whoſe heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of buſineſs, or of care;
Who without *merit*, without *crime*,
Contrive to while away their time,
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wits,
Mild Juſtice with a ſmile permits
Still to purſue their darling plan,
And find amuſement how they can.

The Beau, in gaudieſt plumage dreſt
With lucky fancy, o'er the reſt
Of *Air* a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his brother Beaux;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No ſign of rain or tempeſt near,
Encourag'd by the cloudleſs day,
Like *gilded butterflies* at play,
So lively all, ſo gay, ſo briſk,
In air they *flutter*, *float*, and *friſk*.

The Belle (what mortal doth not know,
Belles after death admire a Beau?)
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the Coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilſt they live,
A heart is *all* which Beaux can give.
In ſome ſtill, ſolemn, ſacred ſhade,
Behold a group of Authors laid,
News-paper Wits, and Sonneteers,
Gentlemen Bards, and *riming* Peers,
Biographers, whoſe wond'rous worth
Is ſcarce remember'd now on earth,
Whom Fielding's *humour* led aſtray,
And *plaintive* Fops, debauch'd by Gray,
All ſit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and ſing.
On his *own* works, with *laurel* crown'd,
Neatly and *elegantly bound*,
(For this is *one* of many rules
With *writing Lords* and *laureat Fools*,
And which for ever muſt ſucceed
With *other Lords* who cannot *read*,
However deſtitute of wit,
To make their works for Book-caſe fit)
Acknowledg'd maſter of thoſe ſeats,
Cibber his *Birth-day Odes* repeats.
With triumph *now* poſſeſs that ſeat,
With triumph *now* thy Odes repeat,
Unrivall'd vigils proudly keep,
Whilſt ev'ry hearer's lull'd to ſleep;

But

But know, *illuſtrious* Bard, when *Fate*,
Which ſtill purſues thy name with hate,
The *regal laurel* blaſts, which now
Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Low muſt deſcend thy pride and fame,
And Cibber's be the ſecond name.
Here Trifle cough'd (for *coughing* ſtill
Bears witneſs of the *ſpeaker*'s ſkill,
A neceſſary piece of art,
Of *Rhet'ric* an eſſential part,
And *adepts* in the Speaking trade
Keep a *cough* by them *ready made*,
Which they ſucceſsfully diſpenſe
When at a loſs for *words* or *ſenſe*)
Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He ſtrove to recollect his *ſmile*,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
Credulity, the child of Folly,
Begot on *cloyſter'd* Melancholy,
Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn ſacred things to ridicule,
And ſaw him, led by Whim away,
Still farther from the ſubject ſtray,
Juſt in the happy nick, aloud,
In ſhape of M—e, addreſs'd the crowd.
Were we with patience here to ſit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of Wit,
Till Trifle his harangue ſhould end,
A *Greenland* night we might attend,

Whilſt He, with fluency of ſpeech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach,
(Here Trifle, ſternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,
But Nature unawares ſtept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin)
And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in error ſtill and doubt,
He'd leave us where we firſt ſet out.
Thus *ſoldiers* (in whoſe exerciſe
Material uſe with grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighy pain,
Only to ſet them down again.
Believe ye not (yes, all I ſee
In ſound belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* Spirit ſends!
Tho' ſpeechleſs lay the trembling tongue,
Your *faith* was on your features hung,
Your *faith* I in your eyes could ſee,
When *all* were pale and ſtar'd like *me*.
But ſcruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry ſhadow of diſpute,
Pompoſo, Plauſible, and I,
With FANNY have agreed to try
A deep concerted ſcheme—This night,
To fix or to deſtroy Her quite.
If it be *true*, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the ſun;

If

If it be *falſe*, admit no doubt,
Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of death,
Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies feſt'ring, whilſt her troubled *ſprite*
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will we deſcend, and bring from thence
Proofs of ſuch force to Common Senſe,
Vain *Triflers* ſhall no more deceive,
And Atheiſts tremble and believe.
He ſaid, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applauſe from every tongue.
The mingled ſound (now let me ſee,
Something by way of *ſimile*)
Was it more like *Strymonian cranes*,
Or *winds*, *low murmuring*, *when it rains*,
Or *drowſy hum of cluſt'ring bees*,
Or the *hoarſe roar of angry ſeas?*
Or (ſtill to heighten and explain,
For elſe our *ſimile* is vain)
Shall we declare it like *all four*,
A *ſcream*, a *murmur*, *hum*, and *roar?*
Let Fancy now in awful ſtate
Preſent this *great* Triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In *other* caſes by mankind)
Elected with a joint conſent,
All *fools* in town to *repreſent*.
The clock ſtrikes twelve—M—e ſtarts and ſwears.
In *oaths* we know, as well as *pray'rs*,

Religion lies, and a *Church* brother
May uſe at will or one or t' other.
Plauſible from his caſſock drew
A holy manual, ſeeming new;
A book it was of *private pray'r*,
But not a pin the worſe for wear;
For, as we by the bye may ſay,
None but *ſmall* ſaints in private pray.
Religion, faireſt maid on earth,
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that bleſt union, when in heaven
Pleaſure was bride to Virtue given;
Religion, ever pleas'd to pray,
Poſſeſs'd the precious gift one day;
Hypocriſy, of Cunning born,
Crept in and ſtole it ere the morn.
Wh—te—d, that greateſt of all ſaints,
Who always prays and never faints,
Whom She to her *own brothers* bore,
Rapine and Luſt, on Severn's ſhore,
Receiv'd it from the *ſquinting* dame;
From *him* to Plauſible it came,
Who, with unuſual care oppreſt,
Now trembling, pull'd it from his breaſt.
Doubts in his boding heart ariſe,
And fancied ſpectres blaſt his eyes.
Devotion ſprings from abject *fear*,
And ſtamps his pray'rs for *once* ſincere.
Pompoſo (inſolent and loud,
Vain idol of a *ſcribbling* crowd,

Whoſe

Whoſe very name inſpires an awe,
Whoſe ev'ry word is ſenſe and law,
For what his greatneſs hath decreed,
Like laws of Perſia and of Mede,
Sacred thro' all the realm of *Wit*,
Muſt never of repeal admit;
Who, curſing flattery, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool;
Who wit with jealous eye ſurveys,
And ſickens at another's praiſe;
Who, proudly ſeiz'd of *Learning*'s throne,
Now damns all learning but his own;
Who ſcorns thoſe common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, *Convincing*, and *Perſuading*,
But makes each ſentence current paſs
With *Puppy*, *Coxcomb*, *Scoundrel*, *Aſs*;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
Who, to increaſe his native ſtrength,
Draws words ſix ſyllables in length,
With which, aſſiſted with a frown
By way of club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the vulgar dares to riſe,
And ſenſe of *decency* defies;
For this ſame *decency* is made
Only for bunglers in the trade,
And, like the *cobweb* laws, is ſtill
Broke thro' by *great ones* when they will)—
Pompoſo, with *ſtrong ſenſe* ſupplied,
Supported and confirm'd by *pride*,

His

His comrades' terrors to beguile,
Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile:
Features ſo horrid, were it light,
Would put the Devil himſelf to flight.
Such were the *three* in name and worth,
Whom Zeal and Judgment ſingled forth
To try the *ſprite* on Reaſon's plan,
Whether it was of *God* or *Man*.
Dark was the night, it was that hour
When Terror reigns in fulleſt pow'r,
When, as the Learn'd of old have ſaid,
The yawning grave gives up her dead,
When Murder, Rapine by her ſide,
Stalks o'er the earth with *giant* ſtride;
Our Quixotes (for that *knight* of old
Was not in truth by half ſo *bold*,
Tho' Reaſon at the ſame time cries,
Our Quixotes are not half ſo *wiſe*,
Since they, with other follies, boaſt
An expedition 'gainſt a *Ghoſt*)
Thro' the dull deep ſurrounding gloom,
In cloſe array, tow'rds FANNY's tomb
Adventur'd forth.—Caution before,
With heedful ſtep, the *lanthorn* bore,
Pointing at graves; and in the rear,
Trembling, and *talking loud*, went Fear.
The church-yard teem'd—th' unſettled ground,
As in an ague, ſhook around;
While in ſome *dreary vault* confin'd,
Or riding on the *hollow wind*,

Horror,

Horror, which turns the heart to ſtone,
In dreadful ſounds was heard to groan.
All ſtaring, wild, and out of breath,
At length they reach the place of death.
A Vault *it* was, long time apply'd
To hold the laſt remains of *pride:*
No *beggar* there, of humble race,
And humble fortunes, finds a place;
To reſt in *pomp* as well as *eaſe*,
The only way's to pay the *fees*.
Fools, Rogues, and Whores, if *rich* and *great*,
Proud e'en in death, Here *rot* in *ſtate*.
No thieves diſrobe the *well-dreſt* dead,
No plumbers ſteal the *ſacred* lead;
Quiet and ſafe the bodies lie,
No ſextons *fell*, no ſurgeons *buy*.
Thrice each the pond'rous key apply'd,
And *thrice* to turn it vainly try'd,
Till taught by *prudence* to unite,
And ſtraining with collected might,
The ſtubborn wards reſiſt no more,
But open flies the *growling* door.
Three paces back they fell amaz'd,
Like *ſtatues* ſtood, like *madmen* gaz'd;
The frighted blood forſakes the face,
And ſeeks the heart with quicker pace;
The throbbing heart its fears declares,
And upright ſtand the briſtled hairs;
The head in wild diſtraction ſwims;
Cold ſweats bedew the trembling limbs;

Nature,

Nature, whilſt fears her boſom chill.
Suſpends her pow'rs, and Life ſtands ſtill.
Thus had they ſtood till *now*, but Shame
(An uſeful, tho' neglected dame,
By Heav'n deſign'd the friend of Man,
Tho' we degrade her all we can,
And ſtrive, as our firſt proof of wit,
Her name and nature to forget)
Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain *fears* ſubſide,
And baffled, leave the field to Pride.
Shall They, (forbid it *Fame*) ſhall They
The dictates of vile fear obey?
Shall They, the *idols* of the Town,
To *bugbears Fancy form'd* bow down?
Shall They, who greateſt zeal expreſt,
And undertook for all the reſt,
Whoſe matchleſs courage all admire,
Inglorious from the taſk retire?
How would the *wicked ones* rejoice,
And *infidels* exalt their voice,
If M—e and Plauſible were found,
By *ſhadows* aw'd, to quit their ground?
How would *fools* laugh, ſhould it appear
Pompoſo was the ſlave of fear?
" Periſh the thought! Tho' to our eyes
" In all its terrors *hell* ſhould riſe,
" Tho' thouſand Ghoſts, in dread array,
" With glaring eye-balls, croſs our way,

" Tho'

" Tho' Caution, trembling, ſtands aloof,
" Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They ſaid; and without farther halt,
Dauntleſs march'd onward to the Vault.
What mortal men, who e'er drew breath,
Shall break into the houſe of Death,
With foot *unhallow'd*, and from thence
The myſt'ries of that ſtate diſpenſe,
Unleſs they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker ſenſe ſuch ſights to bear,
And gain permiſſion from the *State*,
On earth their journal to relate?
Poets themſelves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it e'en in *rime*,
But always, on ſuch grand occaſion,
Prepare a *ſolemn invocation*,
A *poſy* for grim Pluto weave,
And in ſmooth numbers aſk his leave.
But why this caution? Why prepare
Rites, needleſs now? for *thrice* in air
The Spirit of the Night hath *ſneez'd*,
And *thrice* hath clapp'd his wings well-pleas'd.
Deſcend then, Truth, and guard thy ſide,
My *Muſe*, my *Patroneſs*, and *Guide!*
Let others at invention aim,
And ſeek by falſities for fame;
Our ſtory wants not, at this time,
Flounces and *furbelows* in rime:

Relate

Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the Poets, fam'd of *old*,
Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
In vain to find a Parallel:
SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, AND CAME OUT.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *huſwife Morn*
With *pearl* and *linen* hangs each thorn,
When happy Bards, who can regale
Their Muſe with country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to brooks and bow'rs,
To pick up *ſentiments* and *flow'rs*;
When dogs and 'Squires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their ſty;
When *my Lord* riſes to the chace,
And brawny Chaplain takes his place.
  Theſe images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly underſtood,
Sagacious readers muſt allow,
Proclaim us in the country now;
For obſervations moſtly riſe
From objects juſt before our eyes,
And ev'ry Lord in Critic Wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who ſhall dare to ſay he's wrong?)
Whether the warmth (for Bards we know
At preſent, never more than glow)
Was in the town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.

It was the Hour—tho' Critics frown,
We now declare ourſelves in town,
Nor will a moment's pauſe allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The man who deals in humble proſe,
Tied down by rule and method, goes;
But they who court the vig'rous Muſe,
Their carriage have a right to chuſe.
Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the mind,
The Poet darts from place to place,
And inſtant bounds o'er time and ſpace;
Nature (whilſt blended fire and ſkill
Inflame our paſſions to his will)
Smiles at her violated laws,
And crowns his daring with applauſe.
Should there be ſtill ſome rigid few,
Who keep *propriety* in view,
Whoſe heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling paſſage thro' the air,
Free leave have ſuch at home to ſit,
And write a *regimen* for wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themſelves to fly.
It was the Hour, when devotees
Breathe *pious curſes* on their knees,
When they with pray'rs the day begin
To ſanctify a night of ſin;
When rogues of modeſty, who roam
Under the veil of night, ſneak home,

That

That free from all reſtraint and awe,
Juſt to the windward of the law,
Leſs modeſt rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.
But hold—whilſt thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
Things of no conſequence expreſſing,
Deſcribing now, and now *digreſſing*,
To the diſcredit of our ſkill,
The main concern is ſtanding ſtill.
In *Plays* indeed, when ſtorms of rage
Tempeſtuous in the ſoul engage,
Or when the ſpirits, weak and low,
Are ſunk in deep diſtreſs and woe,
With ſtrict propriety we hear
Deſcription ſtealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour
To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flow'r*;
But in theſe *ſerious* works, deſign'd
To mend the morals of mankind,
We muſt for ever be diſgrac'd
With all the nicer ſons of Taſte,
If once, the ſhadow to purſue,
We let the ſubſtance out of view.
Our means muſt uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And ev'ry paſſage aptly join
To bring about the *one* deſign.
Our friends themſelves cannot admit
This rambling, wild, digreſſive Wit,

No—not thoſe very friends, who found
Their credit on the ſelf-ſame ground.
Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
Sunk in the ſolemn, formal dunce,
This Coxcomb ſhall your fears beguile——
We will be dull—that you may ſmile.
Come Method, come in all thy pride,
Dullneſs and Whitehead by thy ſide,
Dullneſs and Method ſtill are one,
And Whitehead is their darling ſon.
Not He * whoſe pen, above controul,
Struck terror to the guilty ſoul,
Made Folly tremble thro' her ſtate,
And villains bluſh at being great,
Whilſt he himſelf with ſteady face,
Diſdaining modeſty and grace,
Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
Thro' ev'ry mean and ſervile ſin,
Yet ſwear by Philip and by Paul,
He nobly ſcorn'd to bluſh at all;
But He, who in the Laureat Chair,
By Grace not Merit planted there,
In aukward pomp is ſeen to ſit,
And by his *patent* proves his wit;
For favours of the Great, we know,
Can wit as well as rank beſtow,
And they who without one pretenſion,
Can get for fools a place or penſion,

* Paul Whitehead.

Muſt

Muſt able be ſuppos'd of courſe
(If reaſon is allow'd due force)
To give ſuch qualities and grace
As may equip them for the place.
  But He—who meaſures as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling proſe,
And is too frugal to diſpenſe
At once both Poetry and Senſe;
Who, from amidſt his *ſlumb'ring* guards,
Deals out a Charge to *ſubject Bards*,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of ſleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates paſs for law
With Beaux, who ſimper all around,
And Belles, who die in ev'ry ſound.
For in all things of this relation,
Men moſtly judge from *ſituation*,
Nor in a thouſand find we one
Who really weighs what's ſaid or done.
They deal out cenſure, or give credit,
Merely from him who did or ſaid it.
  But He—who, *happily ſerene*,
Means nothing, yet would ſeem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can diſpenſe
With all that humble inſolence,
Which Impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modeſt men can reach;
Who adds to Sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,

And *drawls* out Morals with an air
A gentleman would bluſh to wear;
Who, on the *chaſteſt*, *ſimpleſt* plan,
As *chaſte*, as *ſimple* as the man,
Without or *character*, or *plot*,
Nature unknown, and Art forgot,
Can, with much racking of the brains,
And years conſum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, ſmirking, call the thing a Play;
Who champion ſworn in Virtue's cauſe,
'Gainſt Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
But to no part of *prudence* ſtranger,
Firſt blunts the point for fear of danger.
So nurſes ſage, as caution works,
When children firſt uſe knives and forks,
For fear of miſchief, it is known,
To others fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off wiſely chuſe,
Tho' the ſame ſtroke takes off the uſe.

Thee, Whitehead, Thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to Satire's gen'rous ſtroke,
Which makes unwilling Conſcience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal.
Good-natur'd, eaſy creature, mild,
And gentle as a new-born child,
Thy *heart* would never once admit
E'en *wholeſome* rigour to thy wit;
Thy *head*, if Conſcience ſhould comply,
Its kind aſſiſtance would deny,

And

And lend thee neither force, nor art,
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy ſacred pow'r controul
Each fiercer working of my ſoul,
Damp every ſpark of genuine fire,
And languors like thine own inſpire;
Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
As *moral*, and as *dull* as Thine.
Pois'd in mid-air —— (it matters not
To aſcertain the very ſpot,
Nor yet to give you a relation,
How it eluded *gravitation*——)
Hung a *Watch-Tower*—by Vulcan plann'd
With ſuch rare ſkill, by Jove's command,
That ev'ry word, which whiſper'd here
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the ſtill boſom of the air
Is borne, and heard diſtinctly there,
The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom men as well as gods call Fame.
A *prattling goſſip*, on whoſe tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung;
Whoſe lungs in ſtrength all lungs ſurpaſs,
Like her own trumpet made of braſs;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attacks of ſleep defies;
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the fartheſt quarters brings;
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that ſhe knows, and ten times more.

Not all the virtues which we find
Concenter'd in a Hunter's mind,
Can make her ſpare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point ſhe chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thouſand years,
A perfect character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My ſoul poſſeſs'd, ere Arrow died;
Or ſuch as, Envy muſt allow,
The world enjoys in H—— now;
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtues e'en like theirs will ſtrike,
And make faults, in the way of trade,
When ſhe can't find them ready made.
All things ſhe takes in, ſmall and great,
Talks of a *toy-ſhop* and a *ſtate*;
Of *wits* and *fools*, of *ſaints* and *kings*,
Of *garters*, *ſtars*, and *leading-ſtrings*;
Of *old lords fumbling for a clap*,
And *young ones full of pray'r and pap*;
Of *courts*, of *morals*, and *tye-wigs*,
Of *bears*, and *ſerjeants* dancing jigs;
Of *grave profeſſors* at the *bar*
Learning to *thrum* on the *guittar*,
Whilſt laws are *ſlubber'd* o'er in haſte,
And *Judgment* ſacrific'd to Taſte;
Of *whited ſepulchres*, *lawn ſleeves*,
And God's *houſe* made a *den of thieves*;
Of *fun'ral pomps*, where clamours hung,
And fix'd diſgrace on ev'ry tongue,

Whilſt

Whilſt Senſe and Order bluſh'd to ſee
Nobles without Humanity;
Of *coronations*, where each heart,
With honeſt raptures, bore a part;
Of *City feaſts*, where Elegance
Was proud her colours to advance,
And Gluttony, uncommon caſe,
Cou'd only get the ſecond place;
Of *new-rais'd* pillars in the ſtate,
Who muſt be good as being great;
Of *ſhoulders*, on which Honours ſit
Almoſt as clumſily as *Wit*;
Of *doughty knights*, whom *titles* pleaſe,
But not the payment of the *fees*;
Of *lectures*, whither ev'ry fool
In *ſecond childhood* goes to ſchool;
Of *grey-beards* deaf to Reaſon's call,
From *Inn of Court*, or *City Hall*,
Whom youthful appetites enſlave,
With one foot fairly in the grave,
By help of crutch, a needful brother,
Learning of Hart to dance with t' other;
Of *doctors regularly bred*
To fill the manſions of the dead;
Of *quacks* (for quacks they muſt be ſtill
Who ſave when Forms require to kill)
Who life, and health, and vigour give
To Him, not one would wiſh to live;
Of *artiſts* who, with nobleſt view,
Diſintereſted plans purſue,

For trembling worth the ladder raiſe,
And mark out the aſcent to praiſe;
Of *Arts* and *Sciences*, where meet
Sublime, *profound*, and *all compleat*,
A Set (whom at ſome fitter time
The Muſe ſhall *conſecrate* in *rime*)
Who humble Artiſts to out-do
A far more *lib'ral* plan purſue,
And let their *well-judg'd* Premiums fall
On thoſe who have no worth at all;
Of *ſign-poſt Exhibitions*, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd
(Tho' by the way we cannot ſee
Why *praiſe* and *laughter* mayn't agree)
Where *genuine* Humour runs to waſte,
And juſtly chides our want of taſte,
Cenſur'd, like other things, tho' good,
Becauſe they are not underſtood.
To higher ſubjects now She ſoars,
And talks of *politics* and *whores*
(If to your nice and chaſter ears
That term *indelicate* appears,
Scripture *politely* ſhall refine,
And melt it into *concubine*);
In the ſame breath ſpreads Bourbon's *league*,
And publiſhes the *grand intrigue*;
In Bruſſels or *our own* Gazette
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the pox or plague
To London, by the way of Hague;

For

For all the lies which there appear
Stamp'd with *authority* come here;
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of ſome rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the *quaint* harangues of thoſe
Who lead a nation by the noſe,
As from thoſe *ſtorms* which, void of art,
Burſt from our *honeſt* Patriot's heart,
When Eloquence and Virtue (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
Fond of each other's friendſhip grown,
Claim ev'ry ſentence for their own;
And with an equal joy recites
Parade amours, and *half-pay fights*,
Perform'd by *heroes* of *fair weather*,
Merely by dint of *lace* and *feather*,
As thoſe rare acts which Honour taught
Our daring ſons where Granby fought,
Or thoſe which, with ſuperior ſkill,
Sackville atchiev'd by *ſtanding ſtill*.

This Hag (the curious if they pleaſe
May ſearch from earlieſt times to theſe,
And Poets they will always ſee,
With *gods* and *goddeſſes* make free,
Treating them all, except the Muſe,
As ſcarcely fit to wipe their ſhoes)
Who had beheld, from firſt to laſt,
How our Triumvirate had paſs'd
Night's dreadful interval, and heard
With ſtrict attention every word,

Soon

Soon as ſhe ſaw return of light,
On ſounding pinions took her flight.
Swift thro' the regions of the ſky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward ſhe drove the furious blaſt,
And rapid as a whirlwind paſt
O'er *countries*, once the ſeats of *Taſte*,
By Time and Ignorance laid waſte;
O'er lands, where former ages ſaw
Reaſon and *Truth* the only law;
Where *Arts and Arms*, and *Public Love*
In gen'rous emulation ſtrove;
Where *kings* were proud of *legal* ſway,
And ſubjects *happy* to obey,
Tho' now in ſlav'ry ſunk, and broke
To *Superſtition*'s galling yoke;
Of *Arts*, of *Arms*, no more they tell,
Or *Freedom*, which with *Science* fell.
By tyrants aw'd, who never find
The paſſage to their people's mind,
To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne,
Far from all proſpect of relief,
Their hours in fruitleſs pray'rs and grief,
For loſs of bleſſings *they* employ,
Which We *unthankfully* enjoy.
Now is the time (had we the will)
T' amaze the reader with our ſkill,
To pour out ſuch a flood of knowledge
As might ſuffice for a whole College,

Whilſt

Whilſt with a true poetic force
We trac'd the Goddeſs in her courſe,
Sweetly deſcribing, in our flight,
Each *common* and *uncommon* ſight,
Making our journal gay and pleaſant,
With things long paſt, and things now preſent.
Rivers—once Nymphs—(a *transformation*
Is mighty pretty in relation)
From *great authorities* we know,
Will matter for a *tale* beſtow.
To make the obſervation clear,
We give our friends an inſtance here.
The Day (that never is forgot)
Was *very fine*, but *very hot*;
The Nymph (another gen'ral rule)
Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her *hair* (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careleſs floating in the wind;
Her *heaving breaſts*, like *ſummer ſeas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the *playful breeze*;
Should *fond* Deſcription tune our lays
In *choiceſt* accents to her praiſe,
Deſcription we at laſt ſhould find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inſpire
In ev'ry boſom ſoft deſire,
Paſſions to raiſe ſhe could not feel,
Wounds to inflict ſhe would not heal.
A God (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)

Raging

Raging with *luſt*, a godlike flame,
By chance, *as uſual*, thither came ;
With gloting eyes the fair-one view'd,
Deſir'd her firſt, and then purſu'd.
She (for what other can ſhe do ?)
Muſt fly—or how can He purſue ?
The *Muſe* (ſo cuſtom hath decreed)
Now proves her ſpirit by her ſpeed,
Nor muſt one *limping* line diſgrace
The life and vigour of the race.
She runs, and He runs, 'till at length,
Quite deſtitute of breath and ſtrength,
To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her *virgin* pray'r,
(Can *virgins* pray unpitied there ?)
And when the God thinks he has caught her,
Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a *ſtream*, in which the Poet,
If he has any wit, may ſhew it.
A *city* once for pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce ſome *fine* reflection.
Ah, woeful me ! Ah, woeful man !
Ah, woeful all ! do all we can !
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t' other moment's end ?
Honour, Wit, Genius, Wealth, and Glory,
Good lack ! good lack ! are tranſitory ;

Nothing

Nothing is ſure and ſtable found,
The very *earth* itſelf turns round.
Monarchs, nay Miniſters muſt die,
Muſt *rot*, muſt *ſtink*—*Ah*, *me!* *ah*, *why!*
Cities themſelves in time decay.
If *cities* thus—*Ah*, *well-a-day!*
If *brick* and *mortar* have an end,
On what can *fleſh* and *blood* depend!
Ah, *woeful me!* *Ah*, *woeful man!*
Ah, *woeful all!* *do all we can!*

England (for that's at laſt the ſcene,
Tho' worlds on worlds ſhould riſe between,
Whither we muſt our courſe purſue)
England ſhould call into review
Times long ſince paſt indeed, but not
By Engliſhmen to be forgot,
Tho' England, *once* ſo dear to Fame,
Sinks in Great Britain's *dearer name*.

Here could we mention *chiefs of old*,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To Virtue kind, to Vice ſevere,
Strangers to bribery and fear,
Who kept no wretched *clans* in awe,
Who never broke or *warp'd* the law;
Patriots, whom, in her *better* days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raiſe;
Who, ſteady to their Country's claim,
Boldly ſtood up in *Freedom*'s name,
E'en to the teeth of *Tyrant Pride*,
And when they could no more, THEY DIED.

There

There (*ſtriking contraſt!*) might we place
A ſervile, mean, degen'rate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the beſt bidder bought and ſold;
Truants from Honour's ſacred laws,
Betrayers of their Country's cauſe;
The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
Slaves to the *minion of an hour*;
Lacquies, who watch'd a *favourite*'s nod,
And took a *puppet* for their *God*.
Sincere and honeſt in our rimes,
How might we praiſe theſe *happier* times!
How might the Muſe exalt her lays,
And wanton in a Monarch's praiſe!
Tell of a Prince in England born,
Whoſe virtues England's crown adorn;
In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaſte, ſo pious, and ſo ſage;
Who true to all thoſe ſacred bands
Which private happineſs demands,
Yet never lets them riſe above
The ſtronger ties of public love.
With conſcious pride ſee England ſtand,
Our *holy Charter* in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the iſle
See *Liberty* and *Courage* ſmile.
No more ſhe mourns her treaſures hurl'd
In *ſubſidies* to all the world;
No more by foreign threats diſmay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,

She

She deals out ſums to *petty* States,
Whom *Honour* ſcorns, and Reaſon hates;
But, wiſer by experience grown,
Finds ſafety in herſelf alone.
Whilſt thus, ſhe cries, my children ſtand,
An honeſt, valiant, *native* band,
A train'd Militia, brave and free,
True to their King, and true to Me,
No *foreign* hirelings ſhall be known,
Nor need we hirelings of *our own*.
Under a juſt and pious reign
The Stateſman's ſophiſtry is vain;
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
Theſe are my *natural* defence;
Their Faith I know, and they ſhall prove
The bulwark of the King they love.
Theſe, and a thouſand things beſide,
Did we conſult a Poet's pride,
Some gay, ſome ſerious, might be ſaid,
But ten to one they'd not be read;
Or were they by ſome curious few,
Not even thoſe would think them true.
For, from the time that Jubal firſt
Sweet ditties to the harp rehears'd,
Poets have always been ſuſpected
Of having truth in rime neglected,
That *Bard* except, who from his youth
Equally fam'd for *faith* and *truth*,
By prudence taught, in *courtly chime*
To *courtly ears* brought *Truth in Rime*.

But

But tho' to Poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From Truth unbounded deviation,
Which cuſtom calls *Imagination*,
Yet can't they be ſuppos'd to lye
One-half ſo faſt as Fame can fly.
Therefore (to ſolve this *Gordian* knot,
A point we almoſt had forgot)
To courteous readers be it known,
That fond of verſe and falſhood grown,
Whilſt we in ſweet digreſſion ſung,
Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now purſues with double force
And double ſpeed her deſtin'd courſe;
Nor ſtops, till ſhe the place arrives
Where Genius ſtarves, and Dullneſs thrives;
Where riches virtue are eſteem'd,
And craft is trueſt wiſdom deem'd;
Where Commerce proudly rears her throne
In ſtate to other lands unknown;
Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
Where Chriſtians, Jews, and Turks ſhake hands,
United in *commercial* bands,
All of one *faith*, and that, to own
No God but Intereſt alone.
When gods and goddeſſes come down
To look about them here in town,
(For change of air is underſtood
By Sons of Phyſic to be good,

In

In due proportions now and then
For theſe ſame gods as well as men)
By cuſtom rul'd, and not a Poet
So very dull, but he muſt know it,
In order to remain *incog.*
They always travel in a fog.
For if we Majeſty expoſe
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
The force is loſt, and free from awe,
We ſpy and cenſure ev'ry flaw.
But well preſerv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth freſh and new;
Fierce as the Sun in all his pride,
It ſhines, and not a ſpot's deſcried.
Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the ſky
Deſcend to earth, and friſk about,
Like chattering N***, from rout to rout,
He would be found, with all his hoſt,
A nine days wonder at the moſt.
Would we in trim our honours wear,
We muſt preſerve them from the air:
What is familiar, men neglect,
However worthy of reſpect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In *novelty* to recommend,
(Such we by ſad experience find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive ſhine,
And H*** fix no eyes but *mine*.

But Fame, who never car'd a jot
Whether ſhe was admir'd or not,
And never bluſh'd to ſhew her face
At any time in any place,
In her own ſhape, without diſguiſe,
And viſible to mortal eyes,
On 'Change, exact at ſeven o'clock,
Alighted on the *weather-cock*,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.

Thrice did *ſhe* ſound her Trump (the ſame
Which from the firſt belong'd to Fame,
An *old ill-favour'd* inſtrument
With which the goddeſs was content,
Tho' under a *politer* race,
Bag-pipes might well ſupply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the ſound,
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,
Confuſion thro' the City paſt,
And Fear beſtrode the dreadful blaſt.

Thoſe *fragrant currents*, which we meet
Diſtilling ſoft thro' ev'ry ſtreet,
Affrighted from the uſual courſe,
Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their ſource;
Statues wept tears of blood, as faſt
As when a Cæſar breath'd his laſt;
Horſes, which always us'd to go
A *foot-pace* in my *Lord Mayor's Show*,

Impetuous

Impetuous from their ſtable broke,
And Aldermen and Oxen ſpoke.
Halls felt the force, *tow'rs* ſhook around,
And *ſteeples* nodded to the ground;
St. Paul himſelf (ſtrange ſight!) was ſeen
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
The *Manſion-Houſe*, for ever plac'd
A monument of *City Taſte*,
Trembled, and ſeem'd aloud to groan
Tho' all that hideous weight of ſtone.
To ſtill the ſound, or ſtop her ears,
Remove the cauſe or ſenſe of fears,
Phyſic, in *college* ſeated high,
Would any thing but *med'cine* try.
No more in Pewt'rers-Hall * was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word;
Thoſe ſeats were deſolate become,
A hapleſs Elocution dumb.
Form, *City-born*, and *City-bred*,
By ſtrict *decorum* ever led,
Who threeſcore years had known the grace
Of *one*, *dull*, *ſtiff*, *unvaried* pace,
Terror prevailing over Pride,
Was ſeen to take a larger ſtride;
Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
See Av'rice cloſer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
See Credit totter on her throne;

* Where Mr. Sheridan, at this period, read Lectures on Elocution.

Virtue alone, had ſhe been there,
The mighty ſound, unmov'd, could bear.
Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
Dooms annual fools to ſleep in ſtate,
To ſleep ſo found that not one gleam
Of fancy can provoke a dream,
Great Dullman ſtarted at the ſound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and ſtar'd around.
Much did he wiſh to know, much fear
Whence ſounds ſo horrid ſtruck his ear,
So much unlike theſe peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which floats
On the dull wing of City air,
Grave prelude to a feaſt or fair:
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this ſame trumpet might portend.
Could the French—no—that could not be
Under Bute's *active* miniſtry,
Too watchful to be ſo deceiv'd,
Have ſtolen hither unperceiv'd?
To Newfoundland indeed, we know,
Fleets of war unobſerv'd may go;
Or, if obſerv'd, may be ſuppos'd,
At intervals when Reaſon doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But pleaſure, health, and change of air.
But Reaſon ne'er could ſleep ſo ſound
To let an enemy be found

In

In our Land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.
Or could his *ſucceſſor* (ambition
Is ever haunted with ſuſpicion)
His daring *ſucceſſor elect*,
All cuſtoms, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardleſs of the crime,
To ſeize the chair before his time?
Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his *countrymen* in pow'r,
Thoſe countrymen, who, from the firſt,
In tumults and *rebellion* nurs'd,
Howe'er they wear the maſk of art,
Still love a Stuart *in their heart*)
Could Scottiſh Charles——

Conjecture thus,

That mental Ignis Fatuus,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From France to England, hence to France,
'Till Information (in the ſhape
Of Chaplain learned, good Sir Crape,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd prieſt,
Well known at ev'ry City feaſt,
For he was ſeen much oft'ner there
Than in the Houſe of God at Pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Tho', as the beſt hiſtorians write,
Leſs fam'd for Faith than Appetite,

His diſpoſition to reveal,
The grace was ſhort, and long the meal;
Who always would exceſs admit,
If *Haunch* or *Turtle* came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of ſelf-denying abſtinence,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat;
Who knew that Wine, on Scripture plan,
Was made to chear the heart of man;
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That chearfulneſs was kill'd by thought;
And from thoſe premiſes collected,
(Which few perhaps would have ſuſpected)
That none, who with due ſhare of ſenſe
Obſerv'd the ways of Providence,
Could with ſafe conſcience leave off drinking,
'Till they had loſt the pow'r of thinking;
With eyes half-clos'd came *waddling* in,
And, having ſtrok'd his double *chin*,
(That *chin*, whoſe credit to maintain
Againſt the ſcoffs of the profane,
Had coſt him more than ever State
Paid for a *poor Electorate*,
Which after all the coſt and rout
It had been better much without)
Briefly, (for *breakfaſt*, you muſt know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Related, bowing to the ground,
The cauſe of that uncommon ſound;

Related

Related too, that at the door,
Pompoſo, Plauſible, and Moore *,
Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
Their ſhame to publiſh to the crowd;
That ſome new laws he would provide,
(If old could not be miſapplied,
With as much eaſe and ſafety there,
As they are miſapplied *elſe-where*)
By which it might be conſtrued treaſon
In Man to exerciſe his reaſon;
Which might *ingeniouſly* deviſe
One puniſhment for truth and lies;
And fairly prove, when they had done,
That Truth and Falſhood were but one;
Which Juries muſt indeed retain,
But their effect ſhould render vain,
Making all real pow'r to reſt
In *one corrupted rotten breaſt*,
By whoſe *falſe gloſs* the very Bible
Might be interpreted a *libel*.
Moore, (who, his rev'rence to ſave,
Pleaded the Fool to ſcreen the Knave,
Tho' all, who witneſs'd on his part,
Swore for his *head* againſt his *heart*)
Had taken down, from firſt to laſt,
A juſt account of all that paſt;
But, ſince the gracious will of *Fate*,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and ſtate

* A Clergyman, who unluckily involved himſelf in the Cock-Lane Ghoſt impoſition.

E'en in the cradle, had decreed
The *mighty* Dullman ne'er ſhould read,
That office of *diſgrace* to bear
The *ſmooth-lipp'd* Plauſible was there.
From H***** e'en to Clerkenwell
Who knows not *ſmooth-lipp'd* Plauſible?
A preacher deem'd of greateſt note,
For preaching that which others wrote.
Had Dullman now (and fools we ſee
Seldom want curioſity)
Conſented (but the *mourning ſhade*
Of Gaſcoyne * haſten'd to his aid,
And in his hand, what could he more?
Triumphant Canning's picture bore)
That *our three heroes* ſhould advance,
And read their *comical romance*,
How rich a feaſt, what royal fare
We for our readers might prepare!
So rich, and yet ſo ſafe a feaſt,
That no *one foreign blatant* beaſt,
Within the purlieus of the *law*
Should dare thereon to lay his paw,
And, *growling*, cry, with ſurly tone,
Keep off — *this feaſt is all my own.*
Bending to earth the downcaſt eye,
Or planting it againſt the ſky,
As *one* immers'd in deepeſt thought,
Or with ſome holy viſion caught,

* Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne.

His

His hands, to aid the traitor's art,
Devoutly folded o'er his heart,
Here Moore, in fraud well ſkill'd, ſhould go,
All Saint, with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow.
O that Religion's ſacred name,
Meant to inſpire the pureſt flame,
A proſtitute ſhould ever be
To that *arch fiend* Hypocriſy,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with *damn'd ſneaking cowardice!*
Bold ſin reclaim'd is often ſeen;
Paſt hope that man, who dares be mean.
There full of *fleſh*, and full of *grace*,
With that *fine round unmeaning face*
Which Nature gives to ſons of earth
Whom ſhe deſigns for eaſe and mirth,
Should the *prim* Plauſible be ſeen.
Obſerve his ſtiff affected mien;
'Gainſt Nature, arm'd by Gravity,
His features too in buckle ſee;
See what with ſanctity he reads,
With what Devotion tells his beads!
Now Prophet, ſhew me, by thine art,
What's the Religion of his heart;
Shew *there*, if truth thou can'ſt unfold,
Religion center'd all in gold;
Shew *him*, nor fear correction's rod,
As falſe to *friendſhip*, as to God.
Horrid, *unwieldy*, *without form*,
Savage, as ocean in a ſtorm,

Of

Of ſize prodigious, in the rear,
That poſt of honour, ſhould appear
Pompoſo; *Fame* around ſhould tell
How he a ſlave to int'reſt fell;
How, for *integrity* renown'd,
Which bookſellers have often found,
He for *ſubſcribers* baits his hook,
And takes their caſh—but where's the book?
No matter where—*Wiſe* fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to ſerve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?
No man alive, who would not ſwear
All's *ſafe*, and therefore *honeſt* there.
For, ſpite of all the learned ſay,
If we to truth attention pay,
The word *Diſhoneſty* is meant
For nothing elſe but *puniſhment*.
Fame too ſhould tell, nor heed the threat
Of rogues, who brother rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrors hung
Aloft, *to make her hold her tongue*,
How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to *old* friends, nor to *new*,
He damns the *penſion* which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forſakes.
Nature (who juſtly regular
Is very ſeldom known to err,
But now and then in *ſportive mood*,
As ſome *rude* wits have underſtood,

Or

Or *through much work requir'd in haſte*,
Is with a random ſtroke diſgrac'd)
Pompoſo, form'd on *doubtful* plan,
Not quite a *beaſt*, nor quite a *man*,
Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
Could the moſt ſubtle human wit
Find out a monſter, which might be
The ſhadow of a *ſimile*.

THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE MIGHTY THREE,
Nor can the *Poet*'s truth agree,
Howe'er report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpoſe of his ſong,
Amongſt the refuſe of their race,
The ſons of infamy, to place
That open, gen'rous, manly mind
Which we with joy in Aldrich find.
Theſe Three, who now are *faintly* ſhewn,
Juſt ſketch'd, and ſcarcely to be known,
If Dullman their requeſt had heard,
In ſtronger colours had appear'd;
And friends, tho' partial, at firſt view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.
But had their Journal been diſplay'd,
And the whole proceſs open laid,
What a vaſt unexhauſted field
For mirth muſt ſuch a Journal yield!
In her own anger ſtrongly charm'd,
'Gainſt hope, 'gainſt fear by conſcience arm'd,
Then had bold Satire made her way,
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*, her deſtin'd prey.

But

But Prudence, ever ſacred name
To thoſe who feel not Virtue's flame,
Or only feel it at the beſt
As the dull dupe of *intereſt*,
Whiſper'd aloud (for this we find
A cuſtom current with mankind,
So loud to whiſper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And Prudence ſure would never miſs
A cuſtom ſo contriv'd as this
Her candour to ſecure, yet aim
Sure death againſt another's fame)
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*—mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambuſh there;
Confine thy rage to weaker ſlaves,
Laugh at *ſmall fools*, and laſh *ſmall knaves*,
But never, *helpleſs*, *mean*, and *poor*,
Ruſh on, where laws cannot ſecure;
Nor think thyſelf, miſtaken youth,
Secure in principles of *truth*.
Truth! Why, ſhall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to ſpeak *truth* againſt his *betters!*
Let *ragged* Virtue ſtand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let *ragged* Wit a mute become,
When wealth and pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the devil doth not know,
That titles and eſtates beſtow
An ample ſtock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call?

Beggars,

Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by ſituation;
The rich and great are underſtood
To be of courſe both wiſe and good.
Conſult then int'reſt more than pride,
Diſcreetly take the ſtronger ſide;
Deſert in time the ſimple few,
Who *Virtue*'s barren path purſue;
Adopt my maxims——follow me——
To Baal bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy friend,
At Baal's altars hourly bend;
So ſhalt thou rich and great be ſeen;
To be great *now*, you muſt be mean.
Hence, *Tempter*, to ſome weaker ſoul,
Which fear and intereſt controul;
Vainly thy precepts are addreſs'd,
Where Virtue ſteels the ſteady breaſt.
Thro' meanneſs wade to boaſted pow'r,
Thro' guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
What is thy gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels haſt thou won?
Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praiſe thee for virtues not thy own;
But will, at once man's ſcourge and friend,
Impartial Conſcience too commend?
From her reproaches can'ſt thou fly?
Can'ſt thou with worlds her ſilence buy?
Believe it not—her ſtings ſhall find
A paſſage to thy *coward* mind.

There,

There ſhall ſhe fix her ſharpeſt dart,
There ſhew thee truly, *as thou art*,
Unknown to thoſe, by whom thou'rt priz'd;
Known to thyſelf to be deſpis'd.
The man who weds the ſacred Muſe,
Diſdains all mercenary views,
And he who Virtue's throne would rear,
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
Tho' *Folly*, rob'd in purple, ſhines,
Tho' *Vice* exhauſts *Peruvian* mines,
Yet ſhall they tremble, and turn pale,
When Satire wields her mighty flail;
Or ſhould they, of rebuke afraid,
With Melcombe ſeek hell's deepeſt ſhade,
Satire, ſtill mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the cowards back to ſhame.
Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honeſt, tho' poor, (and who ſhall dare
To diſappoint my boaſting there?)
Hardy and reſolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to ſpeak,
Willing I bend at Satire's throne;
What pow'r I have, be all her own.
Nor ſhall yon' *lawyer*'s ſpecious art,
Conſcious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear,
To damp us in our bold career.
Why ſhould we fear? and what? The laws?
They all are arm'd in Virtue's cauſe;

And

And aiming at the ſelf-ſame end,
Satire is always Virtue's friend:
Nor ſhall that Muſe, whoſe honeſt rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When dead to ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Deep ſunk in vice and indolence,
The Spirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the *tyrant fiddler*'s yoke)
Baniſh'd the roſe from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunſwick fear to ſpeak.
Drawn by *Conceit* from Reaſon's plan,
How vain is that *poor creature*, Man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himſelf!
After my promiſe made in rime,
And meant in earneſt at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that curſe of heart and head
To this *digreſſion* could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't ſtay in, nor well get out.
Could I, whilſt *Humour* held the quill,
Could I *digreſs* with half that ſkill,
Could I with half that ſkill return,
Which we ſo much admire in Sterne;
Where each *digreſſion*, ſeeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found on better recollection,
To have a juſt and nice connection,

To

To help the whole with wond'rous art,
Whence it seems idly to depart;
Then should our readers ne'er accuse
These wild excursions of the Muse,
Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
To recollect what went before;
Deeply impress'd, and ever new,
Each image past should start to view,
And we to Dullman now come in,
As if we ne'er had absent been.
Have you not seen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn *white* with fear?
Have you not seen, when danger's fled,
The self-same cheek with joy turn *red?*
These are *low* symptoms which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honest features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart:
Our Dullman with a face was bless'd
Where no one passion was express'd;
His eye, in a *fine stupor* caught,
Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought;
Nor was one line that whole face seen in,
Which could be justly charg'd with meaning.
To Avarice by *birth* ally'd,
Debauch'd by *marriage* into *pride*,
In age grown fond of youthful sports,
Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,
And by success too mighty made
To love his country or his trade,

Stiff

Stiff in opinion (no rare caſe
With blockheads in or out of place)
Too weak, and inſolent of ſoul,
To ſuffer Reaſon's juſt controul,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that *trim tranſient toy*, My Lord;
The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,
Whom God in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
To ſcourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
A conſtant thorn in England's ſide;
Whom firſt, our greatneſs to oppoſe,
He in his vengeance mark'd for *foes*;
Then, more to ſerve his wrathful ends,
And *more to curſe us*, mark'd for *friends*)
Deep in the State, if we give credit
To *him*, for no one elſe e'er ſaid it;
Sworn friend of great ones not a few,
Tho' he their titles only knew,
And thoſe (which envious of his breeding
Book-worms have charg'd to want of reading)
Merely to ſhew himſelf polite,
He never would pronounce aright;
An *Orator* with whom a hoſt
Of thoſe which Rome and Athens boaſt,
In all their pride might not contend;
Who, with no pow'rs to recommend,
Whilſt Jackey Hume, and Billy Whitehead,
And Dickey Glover ſat delighted,
Could ſpeak whole days in Nature's ſpite,
Juſt as thoſe *all Verſe-men* write,

Great Dullman from his bed arose—
Thrice did he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
Thrice strove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
And thrice look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
Then silence broke—Crape, who am I?
Crape bow'd, and smil'd an arch reply.
Am I not, Crape—I am, you know,
Above all those who are below.
Have I not knowledge? and for *wit*,
Money will always purchase it;
Nor, if it needful should be found,
Will I grudge ten, or twenty pound,
For which the whole flock may be bought
Of *scoundrel wits* not worth a groat.
But lest I should proceed too far,
I'll feel my friend *the Minister*,
(Great men, Crape, must not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected;
For, as I stand a magistrate,
To serve him first, and next the State,
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let *his* magistrates have wit.

Boast I not, at this very hour,
These large effects which troop with pow'r?
Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I sit, whilst others stand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In seat of honour always plac'd?
And do not *Cits* of chief degree,
Tho' proud to others, bend to me?

Have

Have I not, as a Juſtice ought,
The laws ſuch wholeſome rigour taught,
That *Fornication*, in diſgrace,
Is now afraid to ſhew her face,
And not one whore theſe walls approaches,
Unleſs they ride in our own coaches?
And ſhall *this* Fame, an *old poor* ſtrumpet,
Without our licence ſound her trumpet,
And, envious of our City's quiet,
In broad day-light blow up a riot?
If inſolence like this we bear,
Where is our ſtate? our office where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the *neck-ennobling* Chain,
Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the *ſolemn-ſpreading* Robe,
Farewell the Sword—*farewell* the Mace,
Farewell all Title, Pomp, and Place.
Remov'd from men of high degree,
(A loſs to *them*, Crape, not to *me*)
Baniſh'd to Chippenham, or to Frome,
Dullman once more ſhall ply the Loom.
Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
Dullman—the *Loom*—at Chippenham—cries,
If there be Pow'rs which greatneſs love,
Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
Theſe Pow'rs united all ſhall join
To contradict the raſh deſign.
Sooner ſhall ſtubborn Will lay down
His oppoſition with his *gown*,

Sooner ſhall Temple leave the road
Which leads to Virtue's *mean* abode,
Sooner ſhall Scots this country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dullman, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-caſt, and unknown.
Sure as that *cane* (a *cane* there ſtood
Near to a *table*, made of *wood*,
Of *dry fine* wood a table made,
By ſome rare artiſt in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praiſe
If he had liv'd in Homer's days)
Sure as that *cane*, which once was ſeen,
In pride of life all freſh and green,
The banks of Indus to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours ſhorn,
According to exacteſt rule,
Was faſhion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at preſent we behold
Curiouſly poliſh'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With gold *well-wrought*; ſure as that *cane*
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afreſh, ſhall never more
Flouriſh in tawny India's ſhore,
So ſure ſhall Dullman and his race
To lateſt times this ſtation grace
Dullman, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd as if he ſlept,
Now looking ſtedfaſtly on Crape,
As at ſome God in human ſhape—

Crape,

Crape, I proteſt, you ſeem to me
To have diſcharg'd a prophecy;
Yes—from the firſt it doth appear,
Planted by Fate, the Dullmans *here*
Have always held a quiet reign,
And *here* ſhall to the laſt remain.
Crape, they're all wrong about this *Ghoſt*—
Quite on the wrong ſide of the poſt—
Blockheads, to take *it* in their head
To be a meſſage from the dead,
For that by *miſſion* they deſign,
A word not half ſo good as mine.
Crape—*here* it is—ſtart not one doubt—
A *plot*—a *plot*—I've found it out.
O God!—cries Crape,—how bleſt the nation,
Where one ſon boaſts ſuch penetration!
Crape, I've not time to tell you now
When I diſcover'd this, or *how*;
To Stentor go—if he's not there,
His place let *Bully* Norton bear—
Our Citizens to council call—
Let *all* meet—'tis the cauſe of *all*.
Let the three witneſſes attend
With *allegations* to befriend,
To ſwear juſt ſo much, and no more,
As we inſtruct them in before.
Stay—Crape—come back—what, don't you ſee
Th' effects of this diſcovery?
Dullman all care and toil endures—
The profit, Crape, will all be *yours*.

A *Mitre* (for, this arduous task
Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)
A *Mitre* (and perhaps the best)
Shall thro' my interest make thee blest.
And at this time, when *gracious* Fate
Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of State,
Who is more fit (and for your use
We could some instances produce)
Of England's *Church* to be the *Head*,
Than you, a *Presbyterian* bred?
But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Lik *old* Newcastle, be forgot.

But an affair, Crape, of this size
Will ask from Conduct vast supplies;
It must not, as the vulgar say,
Be done in *hugger-mugger* way.
Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)
Who hatch the plot, in private meet;
They should in public go, no doubt,
Whose business is to find it out.

To-morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand Procession*—
Be all the City pomp display'd.
Let the *Train-bands*—Crape shook his head—
They heard the trumpet and were fled—
Well—cries the Knight—if that's the case,
My servants shall supply their place—

My ſervants—*mine alone*—no more
Than what *my* ſervants did before—
Doſt not remember, Crape, that day,
When, Dullman's grandeur to diſplay,
As all too ſimple, and too low,
Our City friends were thruſt below,
Whilſt, as more worthy of our love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My ſervants—*mine*—and why not now?
In haſte then, Crape, to Stentor go—
But ſend up Hart, who waits below;
With him, till you return again,
(Reach me my *ſpectacles* and *cane*)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accompliſhment of *dancing*.

Not quite ſo faſt as lightning flies,
Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the ſkies;
Not quite ſo faſt as, ſent by Jove,
Iris deſcends on wings of Love;
Not quite ſo faſt as Terror rides
When he the chafing winds beſtrides;
Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faſter than he cou'd?

Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old,
Where to the block by Juſtice led,
The *rebel* Scot hath often bled,
Where arms are kept ſo clean, ſo bright,
'Twere ſin they ſhould be ſoil'd in fight,

Where brutes of *foreign* race are ſhewn
By brutes much greater of *our own*;
Faſt by the crouded *Thames*, is found
An ample ſquare of ſacred ground,
Where artleſs *Eloquence* preſides,
And *Nature* ev'ry ſentence guides.
Here *Female Parliaments* debate
About Religion, Trade, and State;
Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot ſoul,
Diſdaining *foreign* baſe controul,
Deſpiſing *French*, deſpiſing *Erſe*,
Pours forth the *plain old Engliſh* curſe,
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The honours of the *vulgar tongue*.
Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law.
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and diſtinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and ſwell'd the mighty ſound.
The loudeſt Virgin of the ſtream,
Compar'd with *him*, would ſilent ſeem;
Thames, (who, enrag'd to find his courſe
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Againſt the Bridge indignant roars,
And laſhes the reſounding ſhores)
Compar'd with *him*, at loweſt tide,
In ſofteſt whiſpers ſeems to glide.
Hither directed by the noiſe,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,

Thro'

Thro' too much zeal and haſte made lame,
The *re-v'rend* ſlave of Dullman came.
Stentor—with ſuch a ſerious air,
With ſuch a face of *ſolemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain—
Stentor—cries Crape—I'm hither ſent
On buſineſs of moſt high intent,
Great Dullman's orders to convey;
Dullman commands, and I obey.
Big with thoſe throes which patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the common weal,
Some ſecret which forbids him reſt,
Tumbles and *toſſes* in his breaſt,
Tumbles and *toſſes* to get free;
And thus the Chief commands by me.
To-morrow, if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand Proceſſionade*—
Be all the City pomp diſplay'd—
Our Citizens to council call—
Let *all* meet—'tis the cauſe of *all*.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK IV.

COXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence
To fomething of exalted fenſe
'Bove other men, and, *gravely wiſe*,
Affect thoſe pleaſures to deſpiſe,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp: They would not go
For millions to a *puppet-ſhow*,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing *pantomime*;
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,
Without a head for play or play'r,
Or, could a head be found moſt fit,
Without one play'r to ſecond it,
They muſt, obeying *Folly*'s call,
Thrive by mere ſhow, or not at all.
With theſe *grave* fops, who (bleſs their brains)
Moſt cruel to themſelves, take pains
For wretchedneſs, and would be thought
Much wiſer than a wiſe man ought
For his own happineſs to be;
Who, what they hear, and what they ſee,
And what they ſmell, and taſte, and feel,
Diſtruſt, till Reaſon ſets her ſeal,

And,

And, by long trains of conſequences
Enſur'd, gives ſanction to the *Senſes*;
Who would not, Heav'n forbid it! waſte
One hour in what the world calls Taſte,
Nor fondly deign to laugh or cry,
Unleſs they know ſome reaſon why;
With theſe *grave* fops, whoſe ſyſtem ſeems
To give up certainty for dreams,
The *Eye* of Man is underſtood
As for no other purpoſe good
Than as a door, thro' which of courſe
Their paſſage crouding objects force,
A downright uſher, to admit
New-comers to the court of *Wit*,
(Good Gravity, forbear thy ſpleen,
When I ſay *Wit*, I *Wiſdom* mean)
Where (ſuch the practice of the Court,
Which legal precedents ſupport)
Not one idea is allow'd
To paſs unqueſtion'd in the crowd,
But ere it can obtain the grace
Of holding in the brain a place,
Before the Chief in congregation
Muſt ſtand a *ſtrict examination*.

Not ſuch as *thoſe*, who Phyſic twirl,
Full fraught with death, from ev'ry curl;
Who prove, with all becoming ſtate,
Their voice to be the voice of Fate;
Prepar'd with *Eſſence*, *Drop*, and *Pill*,
To be another Ward, or Hill,

Before

Before they can obtain their ends,
To ſign death-warrants for their friends,
And talents vaſt as their's employ,
Secundum artem to deſtroy,
Muſt paſs (or laws their rage reſtrain)
Before the Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane*.
Thrice happy *Lane*, where uncontroul'd,
In *pow'r* and *lethargy* grown old,
Moſt fit to take, in this bleſt land,
The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,
Her lawful throne great Dullneſs rears,
Still more herſelf as more in years;
Where ſhe (and who ſhall dare deny
Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One Garth who err'd in wit and rime,
Ordains from henceforth to admit
None of the rebel Sons of Wit,
And makes it her peculiar care
That Schomberg never ſhall be there.
Not ſuch as *thoſe*, whom Folly trains
To letters, tho' unbleſs'd with brains;
Who deſtitute of pow'r and will
To learn, are kept to learning ſtill;
Whoſe heads, when other methods fail,
Receive inſtruction from the tail,
Becauſe their ſires, a common caſe
Which brings the children to diſgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a fool,

Muſt

Muſt paſs, or muſt *compound for*, ere
The *Chaplain*, full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his *reverend permit*,
Announcing them for Orders fit,
So that the Prelate (what's a name?
All Prelates now are much the ſame)
May with a conſcience ſafe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that *fiat*,
Which doth all faculties diſpenſe,
All ſanctity, *all faith*, *all ſenſe*,
Makes Madan quite a ſaint appear,
And makes an oracle of Cheere.

Not ſuch as in that ſolemn ſeat,
Where the *Nine Ladies* hold retreat,
The *Ladies Nine*, who, as we're told,
Scorning thoſe haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Iſis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford ſtir,
Are held for form; which Balaam's *aſs*
As well as Balaam's ſelf might paſs,
And with his maſter take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.

Men of ſound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the ſtorehouſe of the head
With furniture they ne'er can uſe,
Cannot forgive our rambling Muſe
This wild excurſion; cannot ſee
Why *Phyſic* and *Divinity*,
To the ſurprize of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and ſhoulders;

Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do;
But men of nice and ſubtle learning,
Remarkable for quick diſcerning,
Thro' ſpectacles of critic mould,
Without inſtruction, will behold
That we a method here have got,
To ſhew what is, by what is not,
And that our drift (*parentheſis*
For once apart) is briefly this.
Within the Brain's moſt ſecret cells
A certain *Lord Chief Juſtice* dwells
Of ſov'reign pow'r, whom one and all,
With common voice, we Reaſon call;
Tho', for the purpoſes of ſatire,
A name in truth is no great matter,
Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a *Lord Chief Juſtice* ſtill.
Here, ſo our great projectors ſay,
The Senſes all muſt homage pay;
Hither they all muſt tribute bring,
And proſtrate fall before their King.
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
Before his throne, where, in full ſtate,
He on their merits holds debate,
Examines, croſs-examines, weighs
Their right to cenſure or to praiſe;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend;

Nor

Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his ſteady courſe;
The channel of enquiry's clear,
No *ſham examination*'s here.
He, upright Juſticer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjuſts and ſettles in a trice
What virtue is, and what is vice,
What is perfection, what defect,
What we muſt chuſe, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What pleaſure is, and what is pain;
Whilſt we, obedient to the whim,
And reſting all our faith on him,
True members of the *Stoic* weal,
Muſt learn to think, and ceaſe to feel.
This glorious ſyſtem form'd, for Man
To practiſe when and how he can,
If the five Senſes in alliance
To Reaſon hurl a proud defiance,
And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater ſlav'ry held,
Than Jewiſh bondage was of old;
Or if they, ſomething touch'd with ſhame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of Royalty, and, as in ſport,
To hold a mimic formal Court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of Puppet King,

And ſuffer'd by the way of toy,
To hold the globe, but not employ;
Our *ſyſtem-mongers*, ſtruck with fear,
Prognoſticate deſtruction near;
All things to anarchy muſt run;
The little world of Man's undone.
Nay ſhould the *Eye*, that niceſt Senſe,
Neglect to ſend intelligence
Unto the Brain, diſtinct and clear,
Of all that paſſes in her ſphere;
Should ſhe preſumptuous joy receive,
Without the Underſtanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring treaſon
Againſt the monarchy of Reaſon,
Not thinking, tho' they're *wond'rous* wiſe,
That few have *Reaſon*, moſt have *Eyes*;
So that the pleaſures of the Mind
To a ſmall circle are confin'd,
Whilſt thoſe which to the Senſes fall,
Become the property of all.
Beſides (and this is ſure a caſe
Not much at preſent out of place)
Where Nature Reaſon doth deny,
No art can that defect ſupply;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to ſtate the argument)
A Man ſhould want an eye or two,
The remedy is ſure, tho' new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the Chevalier—

As

As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.
But, argument apart, which tends
T' embitter foes and sep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apostate for the *Nine*,
Would I, tho' bred up a Divine,
And foe of course to Reason's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own sense and feelings taught,
In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim;
What's He to Me, or I to Him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in *ermine*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties should settled be
To force men to hypocrisy,
To make them ape an aukward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, might sentence rest
Finally fix'd within my breast,
E'en Annet censur'd and confin'd,
Because we're of a diff'rent mind.
Nature, who in her act most free,
Herself delights in Liberty,
Profuse in love, and, without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If Freedom did not crown them all.

By Providence forbid to ſtray,
Brutes never can miſtake their way;
Determin'd ſtill, they plod along
By inſtinct, neither right nor wrong;
But Man, had he the heart to uſe
His freedom, hath a right to chuſe;
Whether he acts or well or ill,
Depends entirely on his will:
To her laſt work, her fav'rite Man,
Is giv'n on Nature's better plan
A privilege in pow'r to *err*.
Nor let this phraſe reſentment ſtir
Amongſt the grave ones, ſince indeed,
The little merit Man can plead
In doing well, dependeth ſtill
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.

Opinions ſhould be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion muſt be bound,
And ſquare with his; ſuch ſlaviſh chains
From foes the lib'ral ſoul diſdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendſhip, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let thoſe, who rigid Judgment own,
Submiſſive bow at Judgment's throne;
And if they of no value hold
Pleaſure, till pleaſure is grown cold,
Pall'd and inſipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate

To

To give it warrant, let them find
Dull subjects suited to their mind;
Their's be slow wisdom: Be *my* plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless as the fashions go,
Whether there's reason for 't, or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral scope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.
But if, by Error led astray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide observe, in spite,
I'm wrong, who cannot set me right.
That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
Who found disease, and not a cure;
Nor can I hold that man a friend,
Whose zeal a helping hand shall lend
To open happy Folly's eyes,
And, making wretched, make me wise;
For next, a truth which can't admit
Reproof from Wisdom or from Wit,
To *being* happy here below,
Is to *believe* that we are so.
Some few in *knowledge* find relief,
I place my comfort in *belief*.
Some for *Reality* may call,
Fancy to me is all in all.
Imagination, thro' the trick
Of Doctors, often makes us sick;

And why, let any Sophiſt tell,
May it not likewiſe make us well?
This am I ſure, whate'er our view,
Whatever ſhadows we purſue,
For our purſuits, be what they will,
Are little more than ſhadows ſtill,
Too ſwift they fly, too ſwift and ſtrong,
For man to catch, or hold them long.
But joys which in the Fancy live,
Each moment to each man may give.
True to himſelf, and true to eaſe,
He ſoftens Fate's ſevere decrees,
And (can a mortal wiſh for more?)
Creates, and makes himſelf new o'er,
Mocks boaſted vain *Reality*,
And *Is*, whate'er he wants to Be.
Hail, Fancy—to thy pow'r I owe
Deliv'rance from the gripe of Woe;
To thee I owe a mighty debt,
Which Gratitude ſhall ne'er forget,
Whilſt Mem'ry can her force employ,
A large encreaſe of ev'ry joy.
When at my doors, too ſtrongly barr'd,
Authority had plac'd a guard,
A *knaviſh* guard, ordain'd by Law
To keep *poor Honeſty* in awe;
Authority, ſevere and ſtern,
To intercept my wiſh'd return;
When Foes grew proud, and Friends grew cool,
And laughter ſeiz'd each ſober fool;

When

When Candour ſtarted in amaze,
And, meaning cenſure, hinted praiſe;
When Prudence, lifting up her eyes
And hands, thank'd Heav'n, that ſhe was wiſe:
When all around me, with an air
Of hopeleſs ſorrow, look'd deſpair;
When they or ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
There is but one, one only way
Better, and be advis'd by us,
Not be at all, than to be thus;
When Virtue ſhunn'd the ſhock, and Pride
Diſabled, lay by Virtue's ſide,
Too weak my ruffled ſoul to chear,
Which could not hope, yet would not fear;
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of Pleaſure ſpeaking in her face,
Dull Regularity thrown by,
And Comfort beaming from her eye;
Fancy, in richeſt robes array'd,
Came ſmiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came ſmiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bleſs me, came in *rime*.
Nor is her pow'r to Me confin'd,
It ſpreads, it comprehends Mankind.
When (to the ſpirit-ſtirring ſound
Of trumpets breathing courage round,
And fifes, well mingled to reſtrain,
And bring that courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,

Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of thoſe, who, England quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,
Where Aſgill held the foremoſt place,
Whilſt my Lord figur'd at a race)
Proceſſions ('tis not worth debate
Whether they are of Stage or State)
Move on, ſo very very ſlow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the Performers all the while
Mechanically frown or ſmile,
Or, with a dull and ſtupid ſtare,
A vacancy of ſenſe declare,
Or, with down-bending eye, ſeem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought,
Where Reaſon wanders ſtill in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cauſe ſufficient can we find
To ſatisfy a thinking mind,
Why, dup'd by ſuch vain farces, Man
Deſcends to act on ſuch a plan?
Why they, who hold themſelves divine,
Can in ſuch wretched follies join,
Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,
Themſelves and *Nature* to expoſe?
What cauſe, but that (you'll underſtand
We have our remedy at hand,
That if perchance we ſtart a doubt,
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,

As

As ſurgeons, when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Muſt always have a *ſtyptic* by)
Fancy ſteps in, and ſtamps that *real*,
Which, *ipſo facto*, is *ideal*.

Can none remember, yes, I know,
All muſt remember that rare ſhow,
When to the country Senſe went down,
And Fools came flocking up to town,
When *Knights* (a work which all admit
To be for *Knighthood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *Parſons* play'd,
In robes *canonical* array'd,
And, fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of tickets to advance;
Or, unto tapſters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from booth to booth about,
To ev'ry ſcoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of beef and ale,
Then firſt prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For preſent grand *Electioneering*;
When *Heralds*, running all about
To bring in Order, turn'd it out;
When, by the *prudent Marſhal*'s care,
Leſt the rude populace ſhould ſtare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of patrician ſtrain,
The whole proceſſion, as in ſpite,
Unheard, unſeen, ſtole off by night;

When our lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that ſacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements ſpring
Betwixt the *Subject* and the *King*,
By which, in uſual manner crown'd,
His *head*, his *heart*, his *hands* he bound,
Againſt *himſelf*, ſhould paſſion ſtir
The leaſt propenſity to err,
Againſt all *ſlaves*, who might prepare
Or open force, or hidden ſnare,
That *glorious* Charter to maintain,
By which We ſerve, and He muſt reign;
Then Fancy, with unbounded ſway,
Revell'd ſole miſtreſs of the day,
And wrought ſuch wonders, as might make
Egyptian ſorcerers forſake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of *magic* her's alone.
A Knight (who in the ſilken lap
Of lazy Peace had liv'd on pap,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor even that, unleſs a *guide*
Was plac'd to amble by his ſide,
And troops of ſlaves were ſpread around
To keep his Honour ſafe and ſound;
Who could not ſuffer for his life
A point to ſword, or edge to knife,
And always fainted at the ſight
Of blood, tho' 'twas not ſhed in fight,

Who

Who diſinherited one ſon
For firing off an *elder* gun,
And whipt another, ſix years old,
Becauſe the boy, preſumptuous, bold
To madneſs, likely to become
A very Swiſs, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an inſtrument
Moſt *peaceable* and *innocent*,
Having from firſt been in the hands
And ſervice of the *City Bands*)
Grac'd with thoſe enſigns, which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And ſpur them on to deeds of fame,
With little ſword, large ſpurs, high feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather,
(And all muſt own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very firſt *campaign*
His *honours* ſhould be ſoil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (ſeeing others much the ſame
In point of valour as himſelf,
Who leave their courage on a ſhelf
From year to year, till ſome ſuch rout
In proper ſeaſon calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and ſwagger'd more
Than ever hero did before;
Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like Mavors, grimly ſmil'd and frown'd;

Seem'd

Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
To fight, that he might rout them all;
And perſonated Valour's ſtile
So long, ſpectators to beguile,
That paſſing ſtrange, and wond'rous true,
Himſelf at laſt believ'd it too,
Nor for a time could he diſcern,
Till Truth and Darkneſs took their turn,
So well did Fancy play her part,
That Coward ſtill was at the heart.
Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of Fame
Recorded firſt, thro' all this land,
In Vanity's illuſtrious band?)
Who, by all-bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern Hercules at leaſt,
To rid the world of each wild beaſt,
Of each wild beaſt which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove
His force on the *parade* of Love,
Diſclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the diſtaff quits the ſword;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But, when in private, lets them know
How little they can truſt to ſhow;
Who ſports a woman as of courſe,
Juſt as a jockey ſhews a horſe,

And then returns her to the ſtable,
Or vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd, and ſo deprav'd his mind)
Than, by ſome great occaſion led,
To ſeize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own deſires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Thro' faſhion, not thro' feeling wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Senſe and Nature have decreed,
From real paſſion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Becauſe he nothing has to ſay,
As your *choice* Spirits oaths diſpenſe
To fill up vacancies of ſenſe;
Who, having ſome ſmall ſenſe, deſies it,
Or, uſing, always miſapplies it;
Who now and then brings ſomething forth,
Which ſeems indeed of ſterling worth,
Something, by ſudden ſtart and fit,
Which at a diſtance looks like wit,
But, on examination near,
To his confuſion will appear
By Truth's fair glaſs, to be at beſt
A threadbare jeſter's threadbare jeſt;
Who friſks and dances thro' the ſtreet,
Sings without voice, rides without ſeat,

Plays

Plays o'er his tricks, like Æſop's aſs,
A *gratis* fool to all who paſs;
Who riots, tho' he loves not waſte,
Whores without luſt, drinks without taſte,
Acts without ſenſe, talks without thought,
Does ev'ry thing but what he ought;
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of vice, is vicious; who one hour,
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility;
Whoſe vanity we all diſcern,
The ſpring on which his actions turn;
Whoſe aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be ſingular,
And all his utmoſt wiſhes mean,
Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be ſeen;
Such (for when Flatt'ry's ſoothing ſtrain
Had robb'd the Muſe of her diſdain,
And found a method to perſuade
Her art to ſoften ev'ry ſhade,
Juſtice enrag'd, the pencil ſnatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and ſcratch'd
Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
From life this ſtriking likeneſs caught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiſſle came, and ſuch was ſeen
In the World's eye; but (ſtrange to tell!)
Miſled by Fancy's magic ſpell,
Deceiv'd, not dreaming of deceit,
Cheated, but happy in the cheat,

Was

Was more than human in his own.
O bow, bow all at Fancy's throne,
Whose pow'r could make so vile an elf
With patience bear that thing, *himself*.
But, mistress of each art to please,
Creative Fancy, what are these,
These pageants of a trifler's pen,
To what thy power effected then?
Familiar with the human mind,
As swift and subtle as the wind,
Which we all feel, yet no one knows
Or whence it comes, or where it goes,
Fancy at *once* in ev'ry part
Possess'd the eye, the head, the heart,
And in a thousand forms array'd,
A thousand various gambols play'd.
Here, in a face which well might ask
The privilege to wear a mask
In spite of law, and Justice teach
For public good t' excuse the breach,
Within the furrow of a wrinkle
'Twixt eyes, which could not shine but twinkle,
Like centinels i' th' starry way,
Who wait for the return of day,
Almost burnt out, and seem to keep
Their watch, like soldiers, in their sleep,
Or like those lamps which, by the pow'r
Of law, must burn from hour to hour,
(Like they, without redemption, fall
Under the terrors of that Hall,

Which,

Which, once notorious for a *hop*,
Is now become *a Juſtice-ſhop*)
Which are ſo manag'd, to go out
Juſt when the time comes round about,
Which yet thro' emulation ſtrive
To keep their dying light alive,
And (not uncommon, as we find,
Amongſt the children of mankind)
As they grow weaker, would ſeem ſtronger,
And burn a little, little longer;
Fancy, betwixt ſuch eyes enſhrin'd,
No bruſh to daub, no mill to grind,
Thrice wav'd her wand around, whoſe force
Chang'd in an inſtant Nature's courſe,
And, hardly credible in rime,
Not only ſtopp'd, but call'd back Time.
The face of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
Smooth as the floating ſtream appear'd,
Down the neck ringlets ſpread their flame,
The neck admiring whence they came;
On the arch'd brow the *Graces* play'd;
On the full boſom *Cupid* laid;
Suns, from their proper orbits ſent,
Became for eyes a ſupplement;
Teeth, white as ever teeth were ſeen
Deliver'd from the hand of Green *,
Started, in regular array,
Like Train-bands on a grand field-day,

* An eminent Dentiſt at this period.

Into

Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And Lady ——— ——— was fifteen.
Here ſhe made lordly temples riſe
Before the pious Daſhwood's eyes,
Temples which built aloft in air,
May ſerve for ſhow, if not for pray'r;
In ſolemn form herſelf, before,
Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.
There, over Melcomb's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dreſs, and phyz,
More of another world than this,
To a *dwarf Muſe a Giant Page*,
The laſt grave ſop of the laſt age,
In a ſuperb and feather'd hearſe,
Bejcutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with verſe,
Which, to beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a *caſt* rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd plaid*,
Naked, as when (in thoſe drear cells
Where, *ſelf-bleſs'd*, *ſelf-curs'd* Madneſs dwells)
Pleaſure, on whom, in *Laughter*'s ſhape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
Firſt brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witneſs of her ſhame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'ling Stuarts, hand in hand,

Some,

Some, who to curſe mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er muſt think of more,
Others, whoſe baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns, and toys of paſte,
She jigg'd, and playing on the flute
Spread raptures o'er the ſoul of Bute.
Big with vaſt hopes, ſome mighty plan,
Which wrought the buſy ſoul of man
To her full bent, the Civil Law,
Fit *code* to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As *Jewiſh frontlets* were of old,
The famous Charter of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepeſt thoughts employ,
But deepeſt thoughts of trueſt joy,
Serious and ſlow he ſtrode, he ſtalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom beſt he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all around,
Dull ſolemn pleaſure in his face,
He ſaw the honours of his race,
He ſaw their lineal glories riſe,
And touch'd, or ſeem'd to touch the ſkies.
Not the moſt diſtant mark of fear,
No ſign of *axe*, or *ſcaffold* near,
Not one curs'd thought, to croſs his will,
Of ſuch a place as *Tower Hill*.
Curſe on this *Muſe*, a flippant jade,
A ſhrew, like ev'ry other maid

Who

Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peeviſhneſs and ſpleen.
Her tongue (for as, when bound for life,
The huſband ſuffers for the wife,
So if in any works of rime
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards muſt always rue it,
Altho' 'tis plain the Muſes do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To ſend me headlong to a jail.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we chuſe
In modern days without a *Muſe*,
Juſt as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,
As if, tho' they muſt be the play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the *Muſe*, who ſtill
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *politics* appears.
Time was, and, if I aught diſcern
Of fate, that time ſhall ſoon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at leaſt,
As grave and dull as any prieſt,
I could ſee *Vice* in robes array'd,
Could ſee the game of *Folly* play'd
Succeſsfully in Fortune's ſchool,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;

Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I ſtand, as if wiſe Fate,
To compliment a ſhatter'd ſtate,
Had me, like Atlas, hither ſent
To ſhoulder up the firmament,
And if I ſtoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The Heavens would tumble from my back;
Time was, when rank and ſituation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all controul; *Satire* and *Law*
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, *decorum* loſt, I ſtand
Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry ſenſe of ſhame,
Careleſs of ſafety and of fame,
The names of ſcoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the Town.
How can a Statesman be ſecure
In all his villainies, if poor
And dirty authors thus ſhall dare
To lay his rotten boſom bare?
Muſes ſhould paſs away their time
In dreſſing out the poet's rime
With bills and ribbands, and array
Each line in harmleſs taſte, tho' gay.
When the hot burning fit is on,
They ſhould regale their reſtleſs ſon

With

With something to allay his rage,
Some cool Caitalian beverage,
Or some such draught (tho' *they*, 'tis plain,
Taking the Muses name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's *Ode* go down,
Or flakes the *soverette* of Brown:
But who would in his senses think
Of Muses giving gall to drink,
Or that their folly should afford
To raving poets gun or sword?
Poets were ne'er design'd by fate
To meddle with affairs of state,
Nor should (if we may speak our thought
Truly as men of honour ought)
Sound policy their rage admit,
To launch the thunderbolts of wit
About those heads, which, when they're shot,
Can't tell if 'twas by wit, or not.
These things well known, what Devil in spite
Can have seduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which must have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever Poet had before,
Of Wit and Virtue, in disgrace
Would keep me still, and out of place,
Which, if some *Judge* (you'll understand
One famous, famous thro' the land

For *making* law) ſhould ſtand my friend,
At laſt may in a pill'ry end,
And all this, I my ſelf admit,
Without one cauſe to lead to it.——
For inſtance now— this book—the GHOST—
Methinks I hear ſome Critic Poſt
Remark moſt gravely—" The firſt word
" Which we about the GHOST have heard."
Peace, my good Sir—not quite ſo faſt—
What is the firſt, may be the laſt,
Which is a point, all muſt agree,
Cannot depend on you or me.
FANNY, no Ghoſt of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd ;
To keep her ſtate, and ſhew her ſkill,
She never comes but when ſhe will.
I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And ſhrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my diſgrace,
I too am in the ſelf-ſame caſe)
But ſtill I wrote, till FANNY came
Impatient, nor could any ſhame
On me with equal juſtice fall,
If ſhe had never come at all.
An underling, I could not ſtir
Without the cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the ſubject aid receive
Until ſhe came, and gave me leave.
So that (ye Sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a ſuppoſition,

Nor would I to ſo wiſe a nation
Suggeſt it as a *revelation*)
If henceforth dully turning o'er
Page after page, ye read no more
Of FANNY, who, in ſea or air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
No cenſure can be laid on me,
For ſure (the cauſe let Mansfield try)
FANNY is in the fault, not I.
But to return—and this I hold,
A ſecret worth its weight in gold
To thoſe who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and ſtile;
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a paſſage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Thro' dirt, who ſcruples to approach,
At Pleaſure's call, to take a coach?
But we ſhould think the man a clown
Who in the dirt ſhould ſet us down?
But to return—if Wit, who ne'er
The ſhackles of reſtraint could bear,
In wayward humour ſhould refuſe
Her timely ſuccour to the Muſe,
And to no rules and orders tied,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She muſt renounce *decorum*'s plan,
And get back when, and how ſhe can;

As *Parſons*, who, without pretext,
As ſoon as mention'd, quit their text,
And, to promote ſleep's genial pow'r,
Grope in the dark for half an hour,
Give no more reaſon (for we know
Reaſon is vulgar, mean and low)
Why they come back (ſhould it befal
That ever they come back at all)
Into the road, to end the rout,
Than they can give why they went out.
But to return—this book— the GHOST—
A mere amuſement at the moſt,
A trifle, fit to wear away
The horrors of a rainy day,
A ſlight ſhot ſilk, for ſummer wear,
Juſt as our modern ſtateſmen are,
If rigid honeſty permit
That I for once purloin the wit
Of him, who, were we all to ſteal,
Is much too rich the theft to feel.
Yet in this book, where Eaſe ſhould join
With Mirth to *ſugar* ev'ry line,
Where it ſhould all be mere *chit-chat*,
Lively, good-humour'd, and *all that*,
Where *honeſt* Satire, in diſgrace,
Should not ſo much as ſhew her face,
The ſhrew, o'erleaping all due bounds,
Breaks into Laughter's ſacred grounds,
And, in contempt, plays o'er her tricks
In *Science*, *Trade*, and *Politics*.

But

But why ſhould the diſtemper'd ſcold
Attempt to blacken men enroll'd
In Power's dread book, whoſe mighty ſkill
Can twiſt an empire to their will;
Whoſe voice is Fate, and on their tongue
Law, *Liberty*, and *Life* are hung;
Whom, on enquiry, Truth ſhall find
With Stuarts *link'd*, time out of mind
Superior to their Country's laws,
Defenders of a tyrant's cauſe;
Men, who the ſame damn'd maxims hold
Darkly, which they avow'd of old;
Who, tho' by diff'rent means, purſue
The end which they had firſt in view,
And, force found vain, now play their part
With much leſs honour, much more art?
Why, at the corners of the ſtreets,
To ev'ry patriot drudge ſhe meets,
Known or unknown, with furious cry
Should ſhe wild clamours vent; or why,
The minds of *groundlings* to inflame,
A Dafhwood, Bute, and Wyndham name?
Why, having not to our ſurprize
The fear of death before her eyes,
Bearing, and that but now and then,
No other weapon but her pen,
Should ſhe an argument afford,
For blood, to men who *wear a ſword*;
Men, who can nicely *trim* and *pare*
A point of honour to a hair

(Honour--a word of nice import,
A pretty trinket in a court,
Which *my Lord* quite in rapture feels
Dangling and rattling with his Seals—
Honour—a word, which all the *Nine*
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thouſand Lockes—
Which (for I leave to wiſer heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What Honour *is*, on their wild plan)
Is *not*, to take it in their way,
And this we ſure may dare to ſay
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, *Law*, *Honeſty*, or *Senſe)*;
Men, who all ſpirit, life and ſoul,
Neat butchers of a *button-hole*,
Having more ſkill, believe it true
That they muſt have more courage too;
Men, who without a place or name,
Their fortunes ſpeechleſs as their fame,
Would by the ſword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than ſtarve?
At *Coronations*, a vaſt field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good ſound food, at once moſt fit
For purpoſes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious Satire reſt,
Content with what ſhe might digeſt?

Could

Could ſhe not feaſt on things of courſe,
A *Champion*, or a Champion's *horſe?*
A Champion's *horſe*—No, better ſay,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A *horſe*, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rime, a Pegaſus;
A *rider*, who, when once got on,
Might paſs for a Bellerophon,
Dropt on a ſudden from the ſkies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand inſtead of whip,
The world with *noble* horſemanſhip,
To twiſt and twine, both horſe and man,
On ſuch a well-concerted plan,
That *Centaur*-like, when all was done,
We ſcarce could think they were not one?
Could ſhe not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of *new-coin'd* peers,
Who walk'd, Nobility forgot,
With ſhoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour; for whoſe ſake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, becauſe they could not find,
Great predeceſſors to their mind?
Could ſhe not (tho' 'tis doubtful ſince
Whether he *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)
Tell of a ſimple Knight's advance
To be a doughty Peer of *France*;

Tell

Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
And Robinson was Aquitain * ;
Tell how her City-Chiefs disgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd ?
A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive ;
A gross neglect of all those rights
Which march with City appetites ;
Of all those canons, which we find
By *gluttony*, time out of mind,
Establish'd ; which they ever hold
Dearer than any thing but gold :
Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—
Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more—
Thus stumbling on my City friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpose bends
In line direct, and shall pursue
The point which I had first in view,
Nor more shall with the reader sport,
Till I have seen him safe in port.
Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear
Thro' the wide regions of the air
The reader terrified, no more
Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Cross-roads to Allen † I resign—

* At the Coronation Sir Thomas Robinson walked as the representative of the Duke of Aquitain.

† Ralph Allen, Esq. of Prior Park, near Bath, the correspondent of Pope, of whom Allworthy in Tom Jones is said to have been the representative.

Allen,

Allen, the honour of this nation,
Allen, himſelf a *corporation*,
Allen, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own,
Allen, the firſt of *letter'd* men,
Since the *good* Biſhop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his ſtand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—once more *Digreſſion* hence—
Let us return to *Common Senſe* ;
The car of Phœbus I diſcharge,
My carriage now a Lord-Mayor's *barge*.
Suppoſe we now—we may ſuppoſe
In verſe, what would be ſin in proſe—
The ſky with darkneſs overſpread,
And ev'ry ſtar retir'd to bed ;
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In ſome dark corner thrown aſide ;
Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way
To what they ſeem to ſcorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art ;
Deſire triumphant thro' the night,
And *Beauty* panting with delight ;
Chaſtity, Woman's faireſt crown,
Till the return of morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not ſullied in the night ;
Dull *Ceremony*, buſineſs o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door ;

Pre-

Precaution trudging all about
To ſee the candles ſafely out,
Bearing a mighty *maſter-key*,
Habited like *Oeconomy*,
Stamping each lock with triple ſeals,
Mean Av'rice creeping at her heels.
Suppoſe we too, like ſheep in pen,
The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*
Within their barge, which thro' the deep,
The rowers more than half aſleep,
Mov'd ſlow, as over-charg'd with ſtate;
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that *bawble* heavier far
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his poppies ſhed,
Each head, by Dullneſs render'd fit
Sleep and his empire to admit.
Thro' the whole paſſage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half ſound was heard;
Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm
The ſteerſman nodding o'er the helm;
The rowers, without force or ſkill,
Left the dull barge to drive at will;
The ſluggiſh oars ſuſpended hung,
And even Beardmore* held his *tongue*.
Commerce, regardful of a freight
On which depended half her *State*,

* An Attorney and Common-Council-Man, ſuppoſed to have afforded ſome aſſiſtance at times to "The Monitor."

Stepp'd

Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
She safely clear'd that bank of sand,
Where, stranded, our West-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet;
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid.
Next (for the Muses can survey
Objects by night as well as day,
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkness and light to them the same)
They past that building, which of old
Queen-Mothers was design'd to hold;
At present a mere *lodging-pen*,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread
Where *Dowagers* have laid their head.
Why should we mention *Surrey-Street*,
Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
All fitted out with *hum* and *ha*,
In proper form to drawl out law,
To see all causes duly tried
'Twixt knaves who drive, and fools who ride?
Why at the *Temple* should we stay?
What of the *Temple* dare we say?
A dangerous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,
Where, as the brethren of the seas
For *fares*, the lawyers ply for fees.
What of that *Bridge*, most wisely made
To serve the purposes of trade,

In

In the great mart of all this nation,
By ſtopping up the navigation,
And to that ſand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?—
What of that *Bridge*, which, void of ſenſe,
But well ſupplied with impudence,
Engliſmen, knowing not the *Guild*,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till Paterſon, as white as milk,
As ſmooth as oil, as ſoft as ſilk,
In ſolemn manner had decreed,
That on the other ſide the Tweed,
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne *, a man unknown,
But grace, preferment, and renown
Deſerving, juſt arriv'd in town;
One Mylne, an artiſt perfect quite,
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge, as he,
With glorious *Pataviniy*,
To build inſcriptions worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.
Much more, worth obſervation too,
Was this a ſeaſon to purſue
The theme, our Muſe might tell in rime;
The will ſhe hath, but not the time;
For, ſwift as ſhaft from Indian bow,
(And when a Goddeſs comes, we know,

* The Architect of Blackfriars Bridge.

Surpaſſing

Surpaſſing Nature acts prevail,
And boats want neither oar nor ſail)
The veſſel paſt, and reach'd the ſhore
So quick, that Thought was ſcarce before.
Suppoſe we now our *City-Court*
Safely deliver'd at the port,
And, of their ſtate regardleſs quite,
Landed, like ſmuggled goods, by night;
The ſolemn Magiſtrate laid down,
The dignity of robe and gown
With ev'ry other enſign gone,
Suppoſe the woollen night-cap on:
The *fleſh-bruſh* us'd with decent ſtate
To make the ſpirits circulate,
(A form, which, to the ſenſes true,
The liq'riſh Chaplain uſes too,
Tho', ſomething to improve the plan,
He takes the Maid inſtead of Man)
Swath'd, and with flannel cover'd o'er
To ſhew the vigour of threeſcore,
The vigour of threeſcore and ten
Above the proof of younger men,
Suppoſe the mighty Dullman led
Betwixt two ſlaves, and put to bed;
Suppoſe the moment he lies down,
No miracle in this great town,
The drone as faſt aſleep as he
Muſt in the courſe of Nature be,
Who, truth for our foundation take,
When up, is never half awake.

There

There let him sleep, whilst we survey
The preparations for the day,
That day, on which was to be shewn
Court-pride by *City-pride* outdone.
The jealous mother sends away,
As only fit for childish play,
That daughter, who, to gall her pride,
Shoots up too forward by her side.
The *wretch*, of God and Man accurs'd,
Of all Hell's instruments the worst,
Draws forth his *pawns*, and for the day
Struts in some spendthrift's vain array;
Around his awkward doxy shine
The treasures of Golconda's mine;
Each neighbour, with a jealous glare,
Beholds her folly publish'd there.
Garments, well-sav'd (an anecdote
Which we can prove, or would not quote)
Garments well-sav'd, which first were made,
When taylors, to promote their trade,
Against the *Picts* in arms arose,
And drove them out, or made them cloaths;
Garments, immortal, without end,
Like names, and titles, which descend
Successively from sire to son;
Garments, unless some work is done
Of note, not suffer'd to appear
'Bove once at most in ev'ry year,
Were now, in solemn form, laid bare
To take the benefit of air,

And,

And, ere they came to be employ'd
On this ſolemnity, to void
That ſcent, which Ruſſia's leather gave
From vile and impious moth to ſave.
Each head was buſy, and each heart
In preparation bore a part.
Running together all about,
The ſervants put each other out,
Till the grave maſter had decreed,
The more haſte, ever the worſe ſpeed;
Miſs, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a ſmuggled toilet dos'd;
The *Waiting-maid*, whom ſtory notes
A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In ſlumbers lean'd againſt the wall;
Milliners, ſummon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in ſhoals at *Temple-bar*,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of foppery from Court;
With labour'd viſible deſign
Art ſtrove to be *ſuperbly* fine;
Nature, more pleaſing, tho' more wild,
Taught otherwiſe her *darling* child,
And cried, with ſpirited diſdain,
Be H——— elegant and plain.
Lo! from the chambers of the Eaſt,
A welcome prelude to the feaſt,
In *ſaffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
High in a car by Vulcan made,

Who work'd for Jove himſelf, each ſteed
High mettled, of celeſtial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wiſh'd-for day,
And held her empire, till out-run
By that brave jolly groom the Sun.
The trumpet—hark!—It ſpeaks—It ſwells
The loud full harmony—It tells
The time at hand, when Dullman, led
By form, his Citizens muſt head,
And march thoſe troops, which at his call
Were now aſſembled, to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To *Court* and *City*, *Church* and *State*.
From end to end the ſound makes way,
All hear the ſignal and obey;
But Dullman, who, his charge forgot,
By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, ſo found he ſlept and faſt,
Hear any trumpet, but the laſt.
Crape, ever true and truſty known,
Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the ſpirituals of pride,
Planted himſelf at Dullman's ſide.
Thrice did the ever-faithful ſlave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke death's adamantine chain,
On Dullman call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The Theban boxer curſe his trade,

The drone he ſhook, who rear'd the head,
And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd;
And what, an inference moſt plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again.
  Under his pillow (ſtill in mind
The proverb kept, *Faſt bind, faſt find*)
Each bleſſed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away aſſay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick ſtarted he with ſtupid ſtare,
For all his little ſoul was there.
  Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow-chair, and morning-gown;
Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, waſh'd, and ſprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of robes and trumpery of ſtate;
Behold him (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourſelves; and Chaplain paid,
Like ſlaves, in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having, as uſual, ſaid his pray'rs,
Go *titter totter* to the ſtairs;
Behold him for deſcent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;

He *ſtarts*, he *pauſes* on the brink,
And, hard to credit, ſeems to *think*;
Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry ſlave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each *ſtarted, paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and, ſilent for a ſeaſon,
At laſt with Crape begins to reaſon:
But firſt of all he made a ſign
That ev'ry ſoul, but the *Divine*,
Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repoſe.

Crape—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful ſtep I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
By foes and friends, obſerve me ſtill,
I mean not thoſe who well or ill
Perhaps may wiſh me, but thoſe who
Have 't in their power to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the State,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or thro' much zeal, a motive, Crape,
Deſerving praiſe, into a ſcrape
I, like a fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a wiſe man, ſhould get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I ſay that to get out is wiſe,

Or,

Or, by the very ſelf-ſame rule
That to get in was like a fool:
The marrow of this argument
Muſt wholly reſt on the event;
And therefore, which is really hard,
Againſt events too I muſt guard.
Should things continue as they *ſtand*,
And Bute prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, honours on my zeal may ſmile,
And ſtamp me Earl of ſome great iſle:
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The preſent Miniſter goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can ſtand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with thoſe in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I ſhould not, like a blockhead, chuſe
To gain *theſe* ſo as *thoſe* to loſe:
'Tis good in ev'ry caſe, you know,
To have two ſtrings unto our bow.
As one in wonder loſt, Crape view'd
His Lord, who thus his ſpeech purſu'd.
This, my good Crape, is my grand point,
And as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point deſir'd.

What I would wiſh to bring about,
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in diſpute, you know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy taſk.—The *rev'rend* ſlave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground and rooted ſtood,
Juſt like a man cut out of wood;
Such as we ſee (without the leaſt
Reflection glancing on the Prieſt)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almoſt in ev'ry church in town:
He ſtood ſome minutes; then, like one
Who wiſh'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, ſhook his head,
And thus the Man of Sorrow ſaid:
Hard is this taſk, too hard I ſwear,
By much too hard for me to bear;
Beyond expreſſion hard my part,
Could mighty Dullman ſee my heart,
When he, alas! makes known a will,
Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To Senſe and Honour? Could I reach
Thy meaning without help of ſpeech,
At the firſt motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not ſaid, not what I ought,
But what by earthly maſter taught?

Did

Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty ſtrong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever int'reſt, to whom thou
Can'ſt not with more devotion bow,
Warp my ſound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When buſineſs call'd aloud for haſte,
Torn myſelf thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan purſu'd
Of voluntary ſervitude;
Purſu'd without or ſhame or fear,
Thro' the great circle of the year;
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r;
Commands which baffle all my ſkill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his ſlave afford;
This taſk, for my poor ſtrength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dullman's wit.
With ſuch groſs incenſe gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor Crape—and ſhook his empty head—
Poor puzzled Crape, wiſe Dullman ſaid,
Of judgment weak, of ſenſe confin'd,
For things of lower note deſign'd,

For things within the vulgar reach,
To run *of* errands, and to preach,
Well haſt thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well haſt thou judg'd thyſelf unmeet
Of ſuch high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I ſpoke,
And all I ſaid was but a joke.
Nor think a joke, Crape, a diſgrace
Or to my perſon, or my place;
The wiſeſt of the ſons of men
Have deign'd to uſe them now and then:
The only caution, do you ſee,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common uſe and men exempt,
Is, that they may not breed contempt.
Great uſe they have, when in the hands
Of one, like me, who underſtands;
Who underſtands the time and place,
The perſons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; ſo that we find,
If all the requiſites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke muſt ſpring,
A joke's a very ſerious thing.
But to our buſineſs.—My deſign,
Which gave ſo rough a ſhock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which like broad-cloth, I can, with eaſe,
Cut out in any ſhape I pleaſe.

Some,

Some, in my circumſtance, ſome few,
Aye, and thoſe men of genius too,
Good men, who, without love or hate,
Whether they early riſe or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit ſound,
Riſe worth a hundred thouſand pound,
By *threadbare* ways and means would try
To bear their point; ſo will not I.
New methods ſhall my wiſdom find
To ſuit theſe matters to my mind,
So that the infidels at court,
Who make our City Wits their ſport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that Dullman bears a brain.
Some, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;
Would lend a wife, who they might ſwear
Safely, was none the worſe for wear;
Would ſee a daughter, yet a maid,
Into a Statesman's arms betray'd;
Nay, ſhould the girl prove coy, nor know
What daughters to a father owe,
Sooner than ſchemes ſo nobly plann'd
Should fail, themſelves would lend a hand;
Would vote on one ſide, whilſt a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t' other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget;
The public eye be with *one* ſet,
In private with a *ſecond* herd,
And be by proxy with a *third*;

Would

Would (like a *Queen*, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled—
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his Cat I found,
A tale moſt true, and free from art,
Which all Lord-Mayors ſhould have by heart)
A *Queen* (O might thoſe days begin
Afreſh when Queens would learn to ſpin)
Who wrought, and wrought, but for ſome plot,
The cauſe of which I've now forgot,
During the abſence of the ſun
Undid what ſhe by day had done)
Whilſt they a double viſage wear,
What's ſworn by day, by night unſwear.
Such be their arts, and ſuch perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new ſyſtem *mine* ſhall ſpring,
A *Locum-Tenens* is the thing.
That's your true plan.—To obligate
The preſent Miniſters of State,
My *ſhadow* ſhall our Court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*;
My *fine ſtate coach*, ſuperb to view,
A fine ſtate coach, and paid for too;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of thoſe who're out of place:
In the mean time *I*—that's to ſay—
I proper. *I* myſelf—*here* ſtay.
But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scot's adminiſtration,

To

To lend my coach may ſeem to be
Declaring for the Miniſtry;
For where the City-coach is, there
Is the true eſſence of the Mayor:
Therefore (for wiſe men are intent
Evils at diſtance to prevent,
Whilſt fools the evils firſt endure,
And then are plagu'd to ſeek a cure)
No *coach*—a *horſe*—and free from fear
To make our *Deputy* appear,
Faſt on his back ſhall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his ſide:
Then for a *horſe*—thro' all the land,
To head our ſolemn City-band,
Can any one ſo fit be found,
As he, who in *Artill'ry-ground*,
Without a rider, noble ſight,
Led on our braveſt troops to fight.
But firſt, Crape, for my honour's ſake,
A tender point, enquiry make
About that *horſe*, if the diſpute
Is ended, or is ſtill in ſuit.
For whilſt a cauſe (obſerve this plan
Of juſtice) whether *horſe* or *man*
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That pow'r muſt tyranny appear,
Which ſhould, *pre-judging*, interfere,
And weak faint judges over-awe
To bias the free courſe of law.

You

You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you muſt appear,
Whilſt I in privacy ſit here;
Here ſhall great Dullman ſit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.
Crape heard, and ſpeeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey.
Not without trouble, be aſſur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To ſerve ſuch infamous intent,
And ſuch a Lord to repreſent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t' other ſide of *London-wall*.
The trumpet ſounds—ſolemn and ſlow
Behold the grand proceſſion go,
All moving on, cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er deſign'd.
Conſtables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the ſecond place
By virtue of a ſilver mace,
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
For uſe of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treaſurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty Treaſury;
Churchwardens, who their courſe purſue
In the ſame ſtate, as to their pew

Church-

Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
Since Peirſon taught them pride and ſhow,
Who in ſhort tranſient pomp appear,
Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the *Poor's Box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and ſhut it when they pleaſe;
Overſeers, who by frauds enſure
The heavy curſes of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
Like beaſts into the ark, by pairs.
Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *Profeſſor* Sheridan;
A man of *wire*, a mere *Pantine*,
A downright *animal machine*.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher Ammon's ſon
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.
On all occaſions next the Chair
He ſtands for ſervice of the Mayor,
And to inſtruct him how to uſe
His *a*'s and *b*'s, and *p*'s and *q*'s.
O'er *letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *ſyllables*, defac'd and torn,
O'er *words* disjointed, and o'er *ſenſe*
Left deſtitute of all defence,
He ſtrides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Criſs-Croſs-Rows*.

Before

Before him, ev'ry *Conſonant*
In agonies is ſeen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The ghoſts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.
Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And City favour, came in place.
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age.
When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
Reſolv'd, is wed to City ſpouſe,
Their aid with *Madam*'s aid muſt join
The aukward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence trueſt glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a kit, and each
To ſhew how fit he was to teach
A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
Led in a ſtring a *dancing bear*.
Since the revival of *Fingal*,
Cuſtom, and Cuſtom's all in all,
Commands that we ſhould have regard,
On all high ſeaſons, to the *Bard*.
Great acts like theſe, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, ſhould not be ſaid, but ſung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty Lockman * came;

* John Lockman, Secretary to the Britiſh Herring Fiſhery, Author of many forgotten Poems, and Tranſlator of ſeveral works from the French.

And,

And, ne'er forgot in Dullman's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *uniformity* of pride,
Brought *brother* Whitehead by his ſide.
On horſe, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And caſt his fiery eye-balls round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpoſe fit,
His high and gen'rous blood diſdain'd
To be for ſports and paſtimes rein'd,
Great Dymock, in his glorious ſtation,
Paraded at the Coronation.
Not ſo our *City* Dymock came,
Heavy, diſpirited, and tame;
No mark of ſenſe, his eyes half-cloſ'd,
He on a mighty *dray-horſe* doz'd.
Fate never could a horſe provide
So fit for ſuch a man to ride;
Nor find a man, with ſtricteſt care,
So fit for ſuch a horſe to bear.
Hung round with inſtruments of death,
The ſight of him would ſtop the breath
Of braggart Cowardice, and make
The very *Court Drawcanſir* quake.
With *dirks*, which, in the hands of ſpite,
Do their damn'd buſineſs in the night,
From *Scotland* ſent, but here diſplay'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With *ſwords*, unfleſh'd, of maiden hue,
Which rage or valour never drew;

With

With *blunderbuſſes*, taught to ride,
Like *pocket-piſtols*, by his ſide,
In girdle ſtuck, he ſeem'd to be
A little moving *armory*.
One thing much wanting to complete
The ſight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horſe (a courteſy
In horſes found of high degree)
Inſtead of going *forward* on,
All the way *backward* ſhould have gone.
Horſes, unleſs they breeding lack,
Some ſcruple make to turn their back,
Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,
No ſcruple make of turning theirs.
Far, far apart from all the reſt,
Fit only for a ſtanding jeſt,
The *independent* (can you get
A better ſuited epithet)
The *independent* Amyand came,
All burning with the ſacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great ſtock of Slav'ry grows.
Like ſparrow, who, depriv'd of mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From ſpray to ſpray no more will hop,
But ſits alone on the houſe-top,
Or like himſelf, when all alone
At *Croydon*, he was heard to groan,
Lifting *both* hands in the defence
Of Intereſt and Common-Senſe;

Both

Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and purſu'd his plan,
The *left*-hand had been loneſome quite,
If he had not held up the *right*.
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a diſtant prize,
On which in letters worthy note,
There "Twenty Thouſand Pounds" was wrote:
Falſe trap, for credit ſapp'd is found
By getting twenty thouſand pound.
Nay, look not thus on me, and ſtare,
Doubting the certainty.—To ſwear
In ſuch a caſe I ſhould be loth—
But Perry Cuſt * may take his oath.
In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim quaker Fraud came Trade;
Connivance, to improve the plan,
Habited like a *Jury-man*,
Judging as intereſt prevails,
Came next with meaſures, weights, and ſcales;
Extortion next, of helliſh race,
A cub moſt damn'd, to ſhew his face
Forbid by fear, but not by ſhame,
Turn'd to a *Few*, like ——— came;
Corruption, Midas-like, behold
Turning whate'er ſhe touch'd to gold;
Impotence led by Luſt, and Pride
Strutting with Ponton by her ſide;

* See North Briton, Vol. III.

Hypocriſy, demure and ſad,
In garments of the Prieſthood clad,
So well diſguis'd, that you might ſwear,
Deceiv'd, a very Prieſt was there;
Bankruptcy, full of eaſe and health,
And wallowing in *well-ſav'd* wealth,
Came ſneering thro' a ruin'd band,
And bringing B —— in her hand;
Victory hanging down her head,
Was by a Highland ſtallion led;
Peace, cloath'd in ſables, with a face
Which witneſs'd ſenſe of huge diſgrace,
Which ſpake a deep and rooted ſhame
Both of herſelf and of her name,
Mourning creeps on, and bluſhing feels
War, grim War treading on her heels;
Pale Credit, ſhaken by the arts
Of men with bad heads and worſe hearts,
Taking no notice of a band
Which near her were ordain'd to ſtand,
Well nigh deſtroy'd by ſickly fit,
Look'd wiſtful all around for Pitt;
Freedom—at that moſt hallow'd name
My ſpirits mount into a flame,
Each pulſe beats high, and each nerve ſtrains
E'en to the cracking; thro' my veins
The tides of life more rapid run,
And tell me I am Freedom's ſon—
Freedom came next, but ſcarce was ſeen,
When the ſky, which appear'd ſerene

And

And gay before, was overcaſt;
Horror beſtrode a *foreign* blaſt,
And from the *priſon* of the *North*,
To Freedom deadly, ſtorms burſt forth.
A *car* like thoſe, in which, we're told,
Our wild forefathers warr'd of old,
Loaded with death, ſix horſes bear
Thro' the blank region of the air.
Too fierce for time or art to tame,
They pour'd forth mingled ſmoke and flame
From their wide noſtrils; ev'ry ſteed
Was of that ancient ſavage breed
Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
The fleſh of man, their drink his blood.
On the firſt horſes, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and ſleek, *that* lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd riders ſide by ſide,
And Poverty was yok'd with Pride.
Union moſt ſtrange it muſt appear,
Till other unions make it clear.
Next, in the gall of bitterneſs,
With rage, which words can ill expreſs,
With unforgiving rage, which ſprings
From a falſe zeal for holy things,
Wearing ſuch robes as prophets wear,
Falſe prophets plac'd in Peter's chair;
On which, in characters of fire,
Shapes antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd; where, to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew

Of fainted devils, where all round-
Vile *reliques* of vile men were found,
Who, worſe than devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
Jugglers, *Inquiſitors*, and *Popes*,
Pointing at *axes*, *wheels*, and *ropes*,
And *engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the deſtroyer Man
Could, to promote his ſelfiſh views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to uſe;
Bearing, to conſecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,
Remembrance of our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd ſword*;
Having her brows, in impious ſport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth Peace, *amongſt men*, Good-will,
Love *bearing*, and *forbearing* ſtill,
All wrote in the *heart's-blood* of thoſe
Who rather death than falſhood choſe;
On her breaſt (where, in days of yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the High-prieſt wore
Thoſe oracles, which were decreed
T' inſtruct and guide the choſen ſeed)
Having with glory clad and ſtrength,
The Virgin pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilſt at her feet, in ſmall pourtray'd,
As ſcarce worth notice, Chriſt was laid;
Came Superſtition, fierce and fell,
An imp deteſted, e'en in hell;

Her

Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully befmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* ſhe rode;
Faſt at her heels Death proudly ſtrode,
And grimly ſmil'd, well-pleas'd to ſee
Such havock of mortality.
Cloſe by her ſide, on miſchief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, ſavage, wild,
The mother fit of ſuch a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of ſin and death, came Ignorance.
With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And ſov'reign pow'r by pride diſgrac'd,
Where loudly witneſſing a mind
Of ſavage more than human kind,
Not chuſing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, Miſrule appear'd.
With eyeballs glaring fiery red
Enough to ſtrike beholders dead,
Gnaſhing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws; without remorſe
Whipping, and ſpurring on his horſe,
Whoſe ſides, in their own blood embay'd,
E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came Tyranny; diſdaining awe,
And trampling over *Senſe* and *Law*.
One thing and only one he knew,
One object only would purſue,

Tho' leſs (ſo low doth paſſion bring)
Than man, he would be more than King.
With ev'ry argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd.
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilſt it conceal'd a hook;
When ſimple moſt, moſt to be fear'd;
Moſt crafty when no craft appear'd;
His tales no man like him could tell;
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,
Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Thoſe who had cheated been before:
Such Flatt'ry came in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by *proſtitution* great,
Would be firſt Miniſter of ſtate.
Within the chariot, all alone,
High ſeated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom Juſtice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Juſtice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of thoſe, who dare offend
'Gainſt Juſtice, and pervert her end:
But, if the Muſe afford me grace,
Deſcription ſhall ſupply the place.

In

In *foreign* garments he was clad :
Sage ermine o'er the gloſſy *plaid*
Caſt rev'rend honour ; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of art,
In ſilver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly ſtar,
Shone a *White Roſe*, the emblem dear
Of him he ever muſt revere ;
Of that dread Lord, who with his hoſt
Of faithful native rebels loſt,
Like thoſe black ſpirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell ;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *bonnet*, moſt ſuperbly grac'd
With mighty *thiſtles*, nor forgot
The ſacred motto, *Touch me not*.
In the right-hand a ſword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South :
The reeking blade to view preſents
The blood of helpleſs innocents ;
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the ſhearers dumb,
With downcaſt eye, and ſolemn ſhow
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
Faſt to a rock was Juſtice chain'd.
In his left-hand, in wax impreſt,
With bells and gewgaws idly dreſt,

An *image*, caſt in baby mould,
He held, and ſeem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kiſs,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to deſire the Antitype.
What if to that *Pretender*'s foes
His greatneſs, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And ſhake his conſtancy of mind?
Scorning ſuch weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he ſtill remains,
Tho' he the friend of George appear:
Diſſimulation's Virtue here.

Jealous and mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to Truth and Juſtice bend,
Unleſs *out-bullied* by his *friend*:
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himſelf a coward ſlave;
Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a ſubtle train he ſprings,
And, ſecret, ſaps the ears of kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainſt the reſiſtance of a worm:
Born in a country, *where the will*
Of one is law to all, he ſtill
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To ſpread it wherefoe'er he came;

Freedom

Freedom he hated, *Law* defied,
The proſtitute of pow'r and pride:
Law he with eaſe explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Senſe aſtray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cauſe he can't maintain,
Proceeds on moſt familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rareſt ſtamp and ſize,
To Nature falſe, he miſapplies,
And turns to poiſon what was ſent
For purpoſes of nouriſhment.
Paleneſs, not ſuch as on his wings
The meſſenger of ſickneſs brings,
But ſuch as takes its coward riſe
From conſcious baſeneſs, conſcious vice,
O'erſpread his cheeks; *Diſdain* and *Pride*,
To upſtart fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
Inſidious, lurking like a ſpy
To Caution principled by Fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert *Miſchief*; *Paſſion* hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breaſt
All that makes Villain found a neſt,
All that, on hell's compleateſt plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.
Soon as the car reach'd land, he roſe,
And with a look which might have froze

The

The heart's beſt blood, which was enough,
Had hearts been made of ſterner ſtuff
In cities than elſewhere, to make
The very ſtouteſt quail and quake,
He caſt his baleful eyes around.
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on ſurprize, all ſtood,
And horror chill'd their curdled blood:
No more they thought of *pomp*, no more
(For they had ſeen his face before)
Of *Law* they thought; the cauſe forgot,
Whether it was or Ghoſt, or Plot,
Which drew them there. They all ſtood more
Like ſtatues than they were before.
What could be done? Could art, could force,
Or both direct a proper courſe
To make this ſavage monſter tame,
Or ſend him back the way he came?
What neither art, nor force, nor both
Could do, a *Lord* of foreign growth,
A Lord to that baſe wretch allied
In country, not in vice and pride,
Effected: from the ſelf-ſame land,
(Bad news for our blaſpheming band
Of ſcribblers, but deſerving note)
The poiſon came, and antidote.
Abaſh'd the monſter hung his head;
And like an empty viſion fled;
His train, like virgin ſnows which run,
Kiſs'd by the burning bawdy ſun,

To

To loveſick ſtreams, diſſolv'd in air;
Joy, who from abſence ſeem'd more fair,
Came ſmiling, freed from ſlaviſh awe;
Loyalty, Liberty, and Law,
Impatient of the galling chain,
And yoke of pow'r, reſum'd their reign;
And burning with the glorious flame
Of public virtue, Mansfield came.

END OF THE GHOST.

THE

THE

CONFERENCE.

GRACE ſaid in form, which Sceptics muſt agree,
When they are told that grace was ſaid by me;
The ſervants gone, to break the ſcurvy jeſt
On the proud landlord, and his thread-bare gueſt;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
My Lord, in uſual taſte, began to yawn,
And lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an inſipid kind of ſtupid ſtare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his ſeals about—
Churchill, you have a poem coming out.
You've my beſt wiſhes; but I really fear
Your Muſe in general is too ſevere;
Her ſpirit ſeems her int'reſt to oppoſe,
And where ſhe makes one friend, makes twenty foes.
C. Your Lordſhip's fears are juſt, I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of courſe.
The man whoſe hardy ſpirit ſhall engage
To laſh the vices of a guilty age,
At his firſt ſetting forward ought to know,
That ev'ry rogue he meets muſt be his foe;
That the rude breath of ſatire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the ſtroke.

But

But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn justice wrench the righteous pen,
Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to Virtue too?

L. What is this boasted Virtue, taught in Schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? Point out one wholesome end:
Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this fame Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Can'st thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun
Barely by saying, Thou art Virtue's son?
Or by base blund'ring statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace,
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.
Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True Virtue means, let Reason use her eyes,
Nothing with fools, and int'rest with the wise.
Would'st thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go?

To

To be ſucceſsful try thy utmoſt force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of courſe.
Hirco, who knows not Hirco? ſtains the bed
Of that kind maſter who firſt gave him bread,
Scatters the ſeeds of diſcord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a truſting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a ſon:
What mortal in his ſenſes can endure
The name of Hirco, for the wretch is poor!
" Let him hang, drown, ſtarve, on a dunghill rot,
" By all deteſted live, and die forgot;
" Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
" Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death,"
Is now the gen'ral cry we all purſue:
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant a new ſyſtem feels,
Throws up her cap, and ſpaniels at his heels;
Long live great Hirco, cries, by int'reſt taught,
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.

C. Peace to ſuch men, if ſuch men can have peace,
Let their poſſeſſions, let their ſtate increaſe;
Let their baſe ſervices in Courts ſtrike root,
And in the ſeaſon bring forth golden fruit;
I envy not: let thoſe who have the will,
And, with ſo little ſpirit, ſo much ſkill,
With ſuch vile inſtruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honeſt man dares ſtarve.

L. Theſe ſtale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit romance.

Starve!

Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honeſt man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the ſky,
And dart from pole to pole thy ſtrengthen'd eye,
Thro' all that ſpace you ſhall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on ſuch a plan.
Cowards in calms will ſay, what in a ſtorm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, ſpite of all you've ſaid,
You'd give your honour for a cruſt of bread.

C. What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What famiſh'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all ſhe once held dear, what fear, at ſtrife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward fleſh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and ſhrinking back from death,
In treaſon to my ſoul, deſcend to bear,
Truſting to Fate, I neither know nor care.

Once, at this hour thoſe wounds afreſh I feel,
Which nor proſperity nor time can heal,
Thoſe wounds, which Fate ſeverely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, muſt for ever bleed,
Thoſe wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings ſuch mighty aid to Virtue's plan;
Once, aw'd by Fortune's moſt oppreſſive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at laſt gaſp, my ſtate undone,
Trembling to meet the ſhock I could not ſhun,
Virtue gave ground, and black deſpair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the ſtorm, my ſpirits fail'd,

Like

Like Peter's faith ; 'till one, a friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By Virtue guided, and by Wisdom taught,
Image of him whom Christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,
That, as a boon, I should base shackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myself a slave ;
That I should in the train of those appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear ?

That I no longer skulk from street to street,
Afraid lest duns assail, and bailiffs meet ;
That I from place to place this carcase bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air ;
That I no longer dread the awkward friend,
Whose very obligations must offend,
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn,
At suff'ring favours which I can't return ;
That, from dependence and from pride secure,
I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
Nor yet so low, that I my Lord should fear,
Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer ;
That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms ;

That,

That, kind to others, to myſelf moſt true,
Feeling no want, I comfort thoſe who do,
And with the will have power to aid diſtreſs:
Theſe, and what other bleſſings I poſſeſs,
From the indulgence of the Public riſe;
All private patronage my ſoul deſies.
By candour more inclin'd to ſave, than damn,
A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave; juſt Mem'ry bears
The grateful ſtamp, and what I am is theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cauſe,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purpoſes of private fraud.
Prudence by public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwiſe, you ſtand alone.
What do we mean by Country and by Court?
What is it to Oppoſe, what to Support?
Mere words of courſe, and what is more abſurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Majors and Minors differ but in name,
Patriots and Miniſters are much the ſame;
The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is *in*, the other *out*.

Explore the dark receſſes of the mind,
In the ſoul's honeſt volume read mankind,
And own, in wiſe and ſimple, great and ſmall,
The ſame grand leading principle in all.
Whate'er we talk of wiſdom to the wiſe,
Of goodneſs to the good, of public ties

Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim moſt dear attention at our hands,
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our firſt great Mover, and our laſt great End,
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all.
This, which unwilling Faction ſhall admit,
Guided in diff'rent ways a Bute and Pitt,
Made Tyrants break, made Kings obſerve the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and Naſſau.

Hath Nature (ſtrange and wild conceit of pride)
Diſtinguiſh'd thee from all her ſons beſide?
Doth virtue in thy boſom brighter glow,
Or from a ſpring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy ſoul bound with thoſe very chains
Which ſhackle us; or is that Self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we ſee
Moſt ſtrong and ſov'reign, only weak in thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think (and for once lay by thy lawleſs pen)
Think, and confeſs thyſelf like other men;
Think but one hour, and, to thy conſcience led
By Reaſon's hand, bow down and hang thy head;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyſelf now, and own with ſtricteſt truth,
That Self hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way
Farther than Folly would have dar'd to ſtray,
And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a ſlave.

Quit

Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have ſo long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundleſs will
Let Self maintain her ſtate and empire ſtill,
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher daring; let her range
Thro' better paſtures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wiſely revolt, and join our ſtronger ſide.

C. Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? Why to view
Would you thus cruelly thoſe ſcenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Muſt ſpeak me ſomething more or leſs than man;
Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on deſpair,
Which human nature muſt, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a buſy world,
Where praiſe and cenſure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meaneſt of my thoughts controul,
Or ſhake one ſettled purpoſe of my ſoul.
Free and at large might their wild curſes roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry Conſcience tells,
When ſhe with more than tragic horror ſwells
Each circumſtance of guilt; when ſtern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late Remorſe awake at Reaſon's call;

Arm'd at all points bids ſcorpion Vengeance paſs,
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glaſs;
The mind, which ſtarting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form ſhe knows to be her own.
Enough of this—let private ſorrows reſt—
As to the Public I dare ſtand the teſt;
Dare proudly boaſt, I feel no wiſh above
The good of England, and my Country's love.
Stranger to party-rage, by Reaſon's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, ſhall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honeſt ſoul diſdains,
Men who, with ſervile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
To ſpread deſtruction o'er my native land.
What! ſhall I not, e'en to my lateſt breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little ſtrength which Nature gave,
And boldly ſtem, or periſh in the wave?

L. When I look backward for ſome fifty years,
And ſee *profeſſing* Patriots turn to Peers;
Hear men, moſt looſe, for decency declaim,
And talk of character without a name;
See infidels aſſert the cauſe of God,
And meek Divines wield perſecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See Whitehead * take a place, † Ralph change his pen,

* Paul Whitehead.

† James Ralph. See Lord Melcombe's "Diary."

I mock

I mock the zeal, and deem the men in ſport,
Who rail at Miniſters, and curſe a Court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rime,
Shall ſome preferment, offer'd at a time
When Virtue ſleeps, ſome ſacrifice to pride,
Or ſome fair victim, move to change thy ſide.
Thee ſhall theſe eyes behold, to health reſtor'd,
Uſing, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's ſword,
Galling thy preſent friends, and praiſing thoſe,
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greateſt foes.

C. May I (can worſe diſgrace on manhood fall?)
Be born a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul;
May I (tho' to his ſervice deeply tied
By ſacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With falſe feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And uſe his name for ſome baſe private end;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my ſick ſpirits, and unmans my ſoul)
Ruin the virtue which I held moſt dear,
And ſtill muſt hold; may I, thro' abject fear,
Betray my friend; may to ſucceeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilſt mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of virtue is forgot;
Of all thoſe evils which, to ſtamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in ſtore for vengeance, may the worſt
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterneſs o'erflow,
May I be ſcorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,

Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
If I am one among the many known,
Whom Shelburne fled, and Calcraft bluſh'd to own.

L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?

C. I do, and that's the reaſon I oppoſe.
Friends I have made, whom Envy muſt commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wiſh a friend.
What if ten thouſand Butes and Hollands bawl,
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.
'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious ſtreams on recent men, who came
From ſtems unknown, and fires without a name;
'Tis not the *ſtar*, which our great Edward gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilſt a baſe heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and ſin;
'Tis not the tinſel grandeur, taught to wait,
At cuſtom's call, to mark a fool of ſtate
From fools of leſſer note, that ſoul can awe
Whoſe pride is Reaſon, whoſe defence is Law.

L. Suppoſe (a thing ſcarce poſſible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part;)
Suppoſe thy writings ſo well fenc'd in law,
That Norton * cannot find, nor make a flaw,
Haſt thou not heard, that 'mongſt our ancient tribes,
By party warpt, or lull'd aſleep by bribes,

* Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General.

Or

Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,
Law hath ſuſpended ſtood, or chang'd its courſe?
Art thou aſſur'd, that, for deſtruction ripe,
Thou may'ſt not ſmart beneath the ſelf-ſame gripe?
What ſanction haſt thou, frantic in thy rimes,
Thy life, thy freedom to ſecure?

C. The times.
'Tis not on law, a ſyſtem great and good,
By wiſdom penn'd, and bought by nobleſt blood,
My faith relies: by wicked men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end;
Whoſe royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere ſin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws diſpenſe,
(Bleſt be the hour and hand which ſent them hence)
For ſomething, or for nothing, for a word,
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, *unheard*.
Life we might all reſign to lawleſs pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchaſe of an hour;
But Envy ne'er ſhall fix ſo foul a ſtain
On the fair annals of a Brunſwick's reign.
If, ſlave to party, to revenge, or pride,
If, by frail human error drawn aſide,
I break the Law, ſtrict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to puniſh, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor by the voice of Juſtice doom'd to death,
Would I aſk mercy with my lateſt breath.

But, anxious only for my Country's good,
In which my King's, *of courſe*, is underſtood;
Form'd on a plan with ſome few patriot friends,
Whilſt by juſt means I aim at nobleſt ends,
My ſpirits cannot ſink; tho' from the tomb
Stern Jeffries ſhould be plac'd in Mansfield's room;
Tho' he ſhould bring, his baſe deſigns to aid,
Some *black Attorney*, for his purpoſe made,
And ſhove, whilſt Decency and Law retreat,
The modeſt Norton from his maiden ſeat;
Tho' both, in ill confed'rates, ſhould agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me,
Whilſt George is King, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be ſecure.

But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, ſhould imperious Fate,
In vengeance, with freſh Stuarts curſe our ſtate;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppreſſive force,
Divert ſweet Juſtice from her even courſe;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witneſs 'gainſt my left;
Should they, abroad by Inquiſitions taught,
Search out my ſoul, and damn me for a thought;
Still would I keep my courſe, ſtill ſpeak, ſtill write,
'Till death had plung'd me in the ſhades of night.

Thou God of *Truth*, thou great, all-ſearching eye,
To whom our thoughts, our ſpirits open lie,

Grant

Grant me thy ſtrength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law ſubmits to Pow'r,
With firm reſolve my ſteady boſom ſteel,
Bravely to ſuffer, tho' I deeply feel.
Let me, as hitherto, ſtill draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death;
And, if Oppreſſion brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, ſhe ne'er ſhall mark a ſlave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unſeemly word;
Let ſober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he's raviſh'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's nobleſt plan,
Who lives to Reaſon, and who dies a Man.

END OF THE CONFERENCE.

THE

THE

AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom Fate ordains in ſpite,
And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write!
What need of letters? Wherefore ſhould we ſpell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well,
Much are the precious hours of youth miſ-ſpent,
In climbing Learning's rugged ſteep aſcent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren ſpot,
Whilſt in the *vale* of *Ignorance* below,
Folly and Vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry ſide,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waſte,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taſte,
To bear the ſlaviſh drudgery of ſchools,
And tamely ſtoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For ſeven long years debarr'd of lib'ral eaſe,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of ſolemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praiſe each ſenior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reaſon bluſh, and ſpirits fail,

Manhood

Manhood with vile ſubmiſſion to diſgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whoſe merit is his place;
Vice-Chancellors, whoſe knowledge is but ſmall,
And Chancellors, who nothing know at all:
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous ſpirit in thoſe days
When learning was the certain road to praiſe,
When nobles, with a love of ſcience bleſs'd,
Approv'd in others what themſelves poſſeſs'd.
But *now*, when Dullneſs rears aloft her throne,
When Lordly vaſſals her wide empire own,
When Wit, ſeduc'd by Envy, ſtarts aſide,
And baſely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What *now* ſhould tempt us, by falſe hopes miſled,
Learning's unfaſhionable paths to tread;
To bear thoſe labours, which our fathers bore,
That crown with-held, which they in triumph wore?
When with much pains this boaſted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to thoſe who have it not.
In ſome it cauſes hate, in others fear,
Inſtructs our foes to rail, our friends to ſneer.
With prudent haſte the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at ſchool;
The elder brother, to vaſt fortunes born,
Looks on all ſcience with an eye of ſcorn;
Dependent brethren the ſame features wear,
And younger ſons are ſtupid as the heir.
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,

Where

Where heroes, parent-like, the Poet view'd,
By whom they ſaw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where Poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patrons ſanctify'd their praiſe?
Is this the land, where, on our Spenſer's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, deſcription hung;
Where Jonſon rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilſt Reaſon thro' her critic fences ſmil'd;
Where Nature liſt'ning ſtood, whilſt Shakeſpeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herſelf had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws a ſure defence,
She mock'd at all reſtraints, but thoſe of ſenſe;
Where Health and Honour trooping by her ſide,
She ſpread her ſacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way Affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a ſmile;
Bade thoſe, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her bleſſings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where in ſome tyrant's reign,
When a *weak*, *wicked*, *miniſterial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the ſlaves of int'reſt, plann'd
Their Country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd
Thoſe wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cauſe,
Gave up their liberties, and ſold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanneſs where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her ſores Corruption ſpread,

Her

Her iron arm when ſtern Oppreſſion rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad baſe ſhaken, fear'd
The ſcourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
Is this the land, where in thoſe worſt of times,
The hardy Poet rais'd his honeſt rimes
To dread rebuke, and bade controulment ſpeak
In guilty bluſhes on the villain's cheek,
Bade pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muſe, who fear'd not Law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow ſouls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowſy track of buſineſs trod,
Worſhip their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one muſty ſet of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by ſyſtem fools;
Who, form'd to dullneſs from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to Goſpel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their ſtock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like theſe,
Whom Reaſon ſcorns, and I ſhould bluſh to pleaſe,
Raiſ at all lib'ral arts, deem verſe a crime,
And hold not truth as truth, if told in rime?

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary groan
In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own,
By ſlow degrees, and courſe of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worſt of curſes Heav'n can ſend)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,

Erring

Erring by form, which blockheads ſacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my ſpirit, bids the daring Muſe
Subjects more equal to her weakneſs chuſe;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble ſwains,
Nor dare to traffick in ambitious ſtrains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Maſon on the firſt of May?
" All ſacred is the name and pow'r of Kings,
" All States and Stateſmen are thoſe mighty things
" Which, howſoe'er they out of courſe may roll,
" Were never made for Poets to controul."
Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of ſacred numbers, and their pow'r blaſpheme:
I tell thee, wretch, ſearch all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no ſubject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whoſe weight
The Poet cannot riſe, and hold his ſtate.
The bleſſed Saints above in numbers ſpeak
The praiſe of God, tho' there all praiſe is weak;
In numbers here below the Bard ſhall teach
Virtue to ſoar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, ſtrain his hoarſe throat,
And raiſe his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted Country, aw'd by men
Of ſlaviſh principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an Engliſh Poet to purſue,

Undaunted

Undaunted to purſue, tho', in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.
How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank diſgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they ſtain,
And, mean themſelves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardor of the Muſe condemn,
And curſe the ſtorm they know muſt break on them.
" What, ſhall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
" Without one badge of merit, but his own,
" Great Nobles laſh, and *Lords*, like common men,
" Smart from the vengeance of a ſcribbler's pen?"
What's in this name of *Lord*, that I ſhould fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honeſt blood of humble ſwains
Quick as the tide which ſwells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can beſtow,
Cannot make virtues in ſucceſſion flow.
Would'ſt thou, proud man, be ſafely plac'd above
The cenſure of the Muſe, deſerve her love,
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
Who *earn'd* thoſe honours, thou wert *born* to wear,
Follow his ſteps, and be his Virtues' heir.
But if, regardleſs of the road to fame,
You ſtart aſide, and tread the paths of ſhame;
If ſuch thy life, that ſhould thy ſire ariſe,
The ſight of ſuch a ſon would blaſt his eyes,

Would

Would make him curſe the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, ſhudd'ring, from the face of earth
Once more, with ſhame and ſorrow, 'mongſt the dead
In endleſs night to hide his rev'rend head;
If ſuch thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a ſcoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper ſpring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muſe ſhould drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy boſom bare
To the keen queſtion of the ſearching air.
Gods! with what pride I ſee the titled ſlave,
Who ſmarts beneath the ſtroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at eaſe, and with diſhoneſt art,
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' deſpite to keep his chair,
Whilſt on his trembling lip pale anger ſpeaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of conſcience, which good men ſecures
From all thoſe evil moments guilt endures,
And ſeems to laugh at thoſe, who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.
" Satire, whilſt envy and ill-humour ſway
" The mind of man, muſt always make her way;
" Nor to a boſom, with diſcretion fraught,
" Is all her malice worth a ſingle thought.
" The Wiſe have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
" To ſtop her headſtrong courſe; within the hour,

" Left

" Left to herſelf, ſhe dies; oppoſing ſtrife
" Gives her freſh vigour, and prolongs her life.
" All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
" I can no patent for exemption claim,
" Nor would I wiſh to ſtop that harmleſs dart
" Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;
" Tho' pointed at myſelf, be Satire free;
" To her 'tis pleaſure, and no pain to me."

Diſſembling wretch! hence to the Stoic ſchool,
And there amongſt thy brethren play the fool;
There, unrebuk'd, theſe wild, vain doctrines preach;
Lives there a man, whom Satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can ſtand by,
And ſee his conſcience ripp'd with ſteady eye?
When Satire flies abroad on Falſhood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her ſting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound ſhe gives
Sinks deep, and to remoteſt ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd fleſh ſhall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still ſhalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and ſtink to after-times.

Haſt thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
And own thoſe paſſions which thou ſhalt not hide.
S——, who from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth;
Who never dar'd, nor wiſh'd behind to ſtay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanneſs led the way,
Would bluſh, ſhould he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Thoſe actions which he bluſh'd not to commit;

Men the moſt infamous are fond of fame,
And thoſe who fear not guilt, yet ſtart at ſhame.
But whither runs my zeal, whoſe rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reaſon from her courſe;
Carries me back to times, when Poets, bleſs'd
With courage, grac'd the ſcience they profeſs'd;
When they, in honour rooted, firmly ſtood
The bad to puniſh, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public Virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom they to juſtice brought,
And dar'd expoſe thoſe ſlaves who dar'd ſupport
A tyrant plan, and call'd themſelves a Court?
Ah! what are Poets now? As ſlaviſh thoſe
Who deal in verſe, as thoſe who deal in proſe.
Is there an Author, ſearch the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real ſpirit's found?
The ſlaves of bookſellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baſer chains) vile penſioners of State;
Some, dead to ſhame, and of thoſe ſhackles proud
Which Honour ſcorns, for ſlav'ry roar aloud;
Others *half-palſied* only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollet write, makes Johnſon dumb.
Why turns yon villain pale? Why bends his eye
Inward, abaſh'd, when Murphy paſſes by?
Doſt thou ſage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's ſake?
No, no—like other *worldlings*, you will find
He ſhifts his ſails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His ſoul the ſhock of int'reſt can't endure:
Give him a penſion then, and ſin ſecure.

With

With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
Bid Cowards thrive, put Honeſty to flight,
Murphy ſhall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ranſack the inmoſt cloſet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my friend; by that baſe oath make way
Into my breaſt, and flatter to betray:
Or, if thoſe tricks are vain, if wholeſome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe thoſe who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On authors for defence, for praiſe depend;
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he ſhall ready ſtand with venal rimes,
To varniſh guilt, and conſecrate thy crimes;
To make Corruption in falſe colours ſhine,
And damn his own good name, to reſcue thine.
But if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
And Vice no longer rains down ſhow'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juſter thought,
Shunning his ſteps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend, who ſtoops ſo low
To be the baſe betrayer of a foe;
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
Muſt be with thine tranſmitted down to ſhame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blaſt thine, he'll blaſt his own.

To ope the fountain whence ſedition ſprings,
To ſlander Government, and libel Kings,
With Freedom's name to ſerve a preſent hour,
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
To talk of William with inſidious art,
Whilſt a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
And, whilſt mean Envy rears her loathſome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuſe the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a City coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was Fame, not Puniſhment,
And that old ſtaunch Whig Beardmore ſtanding by
Can in full Court give that report the lye.

With rude unnat'ral jargon to ſupport,
Half *Scotch*, half *Engliſh*, a declining Court;
To make moſt glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond diſpute, that black is white;
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,
That to be ſav'd muſt mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All oppoſites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren ſtock;
He, far beyond the ſprings of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In *wedlock*'s ſacred bands joins man to man;

And,

And, to complete the whole, moſt ſtrange, but true,
By ſome rare magic, makes them fruitful too,
Whilſt from their loins, in the due courſe of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's *Engliſh Peers*.
Doſt thou contrive ſome blacker deed of ſhame,
Something which Nature ſhudders but to name,
Something which makes the ſoul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her ſeat?
Doſt thou contrive for ſome baſe private end,
Some ſelfiſh view, to hang a truſting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promiſe life, to work him ſurer death?
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face;
Behold, a Parſon at thy elbow ſtands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The Atheiſt Chaplain of an Atheiſt Lord.
Bred to the Church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I ſhould learn to read;
Tho' that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
What mighty Dullneſs of itſelf could do,
Never deſign'd me for a working Prieſt,
But hop'd, I ſhould have been a Dean at leaſt;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the ſervice of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilſt proud and pamper'd ſons of lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of *rev'rend beggary* to appear,
To pray, and ſtarve on forty pounds a year;

My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forſook the packhorſe road,
Whilſt Virtue to my conduct witneſs bears
In throwing off that gown, which Francis wears.
What creature's that, ſo very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet ſo briſk; ſo wond'rous ſweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Truſt not to looks, nor credit outward ſhow;
The villain lurks beneath the *caſſock'd* beau;
That's an informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.
His tongue is deadly—from his preſence run,
Unleſs thy rage would wiſh to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone reſtrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monſter is ſo fell,
Nor is ſo ſure a blood-hound found in hell.
His ſilken ſmiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plauſible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's eaſier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a ſurer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The Preacher is a Chriſtian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
Chriſt is laid by neglected on the ſhelf,
And the vile Prieſt is Goſpel to himſelf.

By

By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom by a brave reſentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not ſunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlaſting ſhame)
Their ſteps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To Virtue loſt, to Vice alone he wakes,
Moſt luſciouſly declaims 'gainſt luſcious themes,
And, whilſt he rails at blaſphemy, blaſphemes.
Are theſe the arts, which policy ſupplies?
Are theſe the ſteps, by which grave Churchmen riſe?
Forbid it, Heav'n; or, ſhould it turn out ſo,
Let me and mine continue mean and low.
Such be their arts, whom intereſt controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honeſt ſouls.
We ſcorn preferment which is gain'd by ſin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

END OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

DUELLIST.

IN

THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE clock ſtruck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe;
Morpheus, his feet with velvet ſhod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.
Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty, but phantaſtic, ſchemes,
Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
Was building caſtles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.
Pale Study, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,

Sat

Sat reading ; but, with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.
Starving 'midst plenty, with a face
Which might the Court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.
Jealousy, his quick eye half-clos'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
And mean distrust not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not,
Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring sleeping round,
Snor'd *restless* Labour ; by his side
Lay Health, a coarse, but comely bride.
Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the soft arms of sleep was laid,
Whilst Vice, within the guilty breast,
Could not be physick'd into rest,
Thou bloody Man ! whose ruffian knife
Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
And never scruples to descend
Into the bosom of a friend,
A firm, fast friend, by vice allied,
And to thy *secret* service tied,
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly secur'd from law.
Thou Man of Lust ! whom passion fires
To foulest deeds, whose hot desires
O'er honest bars with ease make way,
Whilst *idcot* beauty falls a prey,

And to indulge thy brutal flame,
A Lucrece muſt be brought to ſhame;
Who doſt, a brave, bold ſinner, bear
Rank inceſt to the open air,
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down.
Thou ſimular of Luſt! vain man,
Whoſe reſtleſs thoughts ſtill form the plan
Of guilt, which wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeleſs nerves can't execute,
Whilſt in thy marrowleſs, dry bones,
Deſire without enjoyment groans.
Thou perjur'd Wretch! whom falſhood cloaths
E'en like a garment; who with oaths
Doſt trifle, as with brokers, meant
To ſerve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the day's broad and ſearching eye
Making God witneſs to a lye,
Blaſpheming Heav'n and earth for pelf,
And hanging *friends* to ſave thyſelf.
Thou ſon of Chance! whoſe glorious ſoul
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with Honour caught,
Nor on poor Virtue loſt one thought;
Who doſt thy *wife*, thy *children* ſet,
Thy *all*, upon a ſingle bet,
Riſquing, the deſp'rate ſtake to try,
Here and *hereafter* on a die;
Who, thy own private fortune loſt,
Doſt game on at thy country's coſt,

And,

And, grown expert in ſharping rules,
Firſt fool'd thyſelf, now prey'ſt on fools.
Thou noble Gameſter, whoſe high place
Gives too much credit to diſgrace;
Who, with the motion of a die,
Doſt make a mighty iſland fly,
The ſums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty iſland ſold;
Who doſt *betray intelligence*,
Abuſe the *deareſt confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Moſt falſely play the game of State;
Who doſt within the *Alley* ſport
Sums, which might beggar a whole Court,
And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
With good *Earl* Talbot, was not there.
Thou daring Infidel! whom pride
And ſin have drawn from Reaſon's ſide;
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Doſt wiſh not to believe a God;
Whoſe hope is founded on a plan,
Which ſhould diſtract the ſoul of man,
And make him curſe his abject birth;
Whoſe hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feaſt,
To rot and periſh, like a beaſt;
Who doſt, of puniſhment afraid,
And by thy crimes a coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous ſoul a curſe,
Than Hell and all her torments worſe,

When

When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on deſtruction as a friend,
Chuſing to crumble into duſt
Rather than riſe, tho' riſe you muſt.
Thou Hypocrite! who doſt prophane,
And take the patriot's name in vain,
Then moſt thy Country's foe, when moſt
Of love and loyalty you boaſt;
Who for the filthy love of gold,
Thy friend, thy King, thy God haſt ſold,
And, mocking the juſt claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyſelf wouldſt ſell.
Ye Villains! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim
Of Hell is certain, on whoſe lids
That worm, which never dies, forbids
Sweet ſleep to fall, *come* and *behold*,
Whilſt envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitileſs Conſcience led,
So Juſtice wills, that holy bed,
Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with Holland ſleeps.
Bid Terror, poſting on the wind,
Affray the ſpirits of mankind,
Bid earthquakes heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Thro' the vaſt bowels of the earth,
Endeavour in her monſtrous womb
At once all Nature to entomb;

Bid all that's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conſpire
To make night hideous, as they can;
Still is thy ſleep, thou virtuous man,
Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breaſt
Inhabit, and inſure thy reſt;
Still ſhall thy Ayliff, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly juſtice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian angel, ſpread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the night, by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations ſhake,
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Deſtroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.

Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The ſky in ſullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid its boſom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning ſtream'd;
The owl at Freedom's window ſcream'd,
The ſcreech-owl, prophet dire, whoſe breath
Brings ſickneſs, and whoſe note is death;
The church-yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All ſad and ſilent, thro' the gloom,
The ghoſts of men, in former times
Whoſe public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant ſtalk'd; ſorrow and rage
Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age

The

The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
Sidney by grief from Heav'n was kept,
And for his brother patriot wept:
All friends of Liberty, when Fate
Prepar'd to ſhorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
In other countries ſcarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of courſe,
Without or energy or force;
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd ſhe ſprings,
Far, far beyond the reach of kings,
Freſh blooming from our mother earth:
With pride and joy ſhe owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breaſts her genius burn;
Bids us with all thoſe bleſſings live
Which Liberty alone can give,
Or nobly with that ſpirit die,
Which makes death more than victory.

Hail thoſe old patriots, on whoſe tongue
Perſuaſion in the Senate hung,
Whilſt they the ſacred cauſe maintain'd!
Hail thoſe old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who ſpread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall men like theſe unmention'd ſleep
Promiſcuous with the common heap,

And

And (gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the ſtream of time
In ſhoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's ſtream, like flags, to rot?
No—they ſhall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on Honour's baſis, faſt
As the round earth to ages laſt.
Some virtues vaniſh with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himſelf, his ſcythe thrown by,
Himſelf loſt in eternity,
An everlaſting crown ſhall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.
But ſhould ſome ſlave-got villain dare
Chains for his Country to prepare,
And, by his birth to ſlav'ry broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongſt bad men be rank'd the worſt;
May he be ſtill himſelf, and ſtill
Go on in vice, and perfect ill;
May his broad crimes each day increaſe,
'Till he can't live, nor die in peace;
May he be plung'd ſo deep in ſhame
That Satan mayn't endure his name,
And hear, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
His children curſe him for their birth;
May Liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be ſtill a ſlave,

Grant

Grant him what here he moſt requires,
And damn him with his own deſires!
But ſhould ſome villain, in ſupport
And zeal for a deſpairing Court,
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepeſt ſhame,
Whilſt filthy lucre is his aim;
Should ſuch a wretch, with ſword or knife,
Contrive to practiſe 'gainſt the life
Of one, who honour'd thro' the land,
For Freedom made a glorious ſtand;
Whoſe chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain Truth at ſuch a time
May dare her ſentiments to tell)
That he his Country loves too well;
May he—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to ſpeak—
May he—O for a noble curſe
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a Temple stood;
Antient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side,
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, *most* unsound,
Some rotten to the heart aloof,
Seem'd to support the tott'ring roof,
But to inspection nearer laid,
Instead of giving wanted aid.
The structure, rare and curious, made
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was suffer'd into dust to fall;
Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,

A crime, which Art would treaſon hold,
To mention with thoſe names of old.
Builders, who had the pile ſurvey'd,
And thoſe not *Flitcrofts* * in their trade,
Doubted (the wiſe hand in a doubt
Merely ſometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief,
Taught wiſely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It muſt not, in all parts unſound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (tho' after-ages ne'er
Shall raiſe a building to compare)
Art, if they ſhould their art employ,
Meant to preſerve, might not deſtroy:
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and haſting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art deſpair,
Cannot thoſe very medicines bear,
Which, and which only can reſtore,
And make them healthy as before.
To LIBERTY, whoſe gracious ſmile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the iſle,
Our grateful anceſtors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.

* Henry Flitcroft was the architect of St. Giles's in the Fields, St. Olave, Southwark, &c.

Full

Full in the front, ſtretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her ſtrength
In ſpring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their ſons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and ſteel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurſe, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had ſtrung;
Abſtinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they firſt drew breath,
The beſt of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
Health in their cheeks bade colour riſe,
And Glory ſparkled in her eyes.
The inſtruments of huſbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place ſupplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew;
Swift to the point their javelins flew;
They graſp'd the ſword, they ſhook the ſpear;
Their fathers felt a pleaſing fear;
And even Courage, ſtanding by,
Scarcely beheld with ſteady eye.
Each ſtripling, leſſon'd by his ſire,
Knew when to cloſe, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was himſelf a War.
Their wives, their mothers all around,
Careleſs of order, on the ground,

Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a ſon's or huſband's brow,
With eager fingers laurel wove;
Laurel, which in the ſacred grove,
Planted by LIBERTY, they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,
To give them pride and ſpirits, fit
To make a world in arms ſubmit.
What raptures did the boſom fire
Of the young, rugged, peaſant ſire,
When from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of night,
He ſaw his babe reſign the breaſt,
And, ſmiling, ſtroke thoſe arms in jeſt,
With which hereafter he ſhall make
The proudeſt heart in Gallia quake!
Gods! with what joy, what honeſt pride,
Did each fond, wiſhing, ruſtic bride
Behold her manly ſwain return!
How did her love-ſick boſom burn,
Tho' on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleaſure heighc'ning all her charms,
She ſtrain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilſt love and glory fire,
A ſon, a ſon juſt like his ſire!
Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter puniſhment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign ſhore;

Such

Such were the men, who free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains;
Such were the men, when luſt of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from thoſe ways
On which a King ſhould found his praiſe;
When ſtern Oppreſſion, hand in hand
With Pride, ſtalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping Juſtice was miſled
From her fair courſe, and Mercy dead;
Such were the men, in virtue ſtrong,
Who dar'd not ſee their Country's wrong;
Who left the mattock, and the ſpade,
And, in the robes of war array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpleſs babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, ſwore to ſee
Thoſe babes no more, or ſee them free;
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never faſten to his ſide
By threats or bribes; who, Freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with ſcorn;
Who, free from ev'ry ſervile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad gen'ral Law, which Senſe
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent ſtations riſe;

Could never be to ſlav'ry led,
For Property was at their head;
Such were the men in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her Temple on the ſacred green,
In martial paſtimes oft were ſeen—
Now ſeen no longer—in their ſtead,
To lazineſs and vermin bred,
A race who, ſtrangers to the cauſe
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To intereſt, and ſlaves for pay.
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of Honour founded, leads their van;
Diſcretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but reſolv'd, brings up their rear,
Diſcretion, Valour's better half;
Dependence holds the Gen'ral's ſtaff.
In plain and home-ſpun garb array'd,
Not for vain ſhew, but ſervice made,
In a green flouriſhing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage,
In rules of *porterage* untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the Temple-door;
Full on his breaſt a glaſs he wore,
Thro' which his boſom open lay
To ev'ry one that paſs'd that way.
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
But prouder heart, his vacant place

Cor-

Corruption fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.
With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the houſe reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honeſt glee,
The *ſteward* Hoſpitality,
Old Welcome ſmiling by his ſide,
A good old ſervant, often tried,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'reſt too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her ſtate a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern uſe) *reſign'd*.
Half-ſtarv'd, half-ſtarving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Deteſted, and deteſting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,
Boaſting great thrift, yet waſting more
Than ever ſteward did before,
Succeeded *one*, who, to engage
The praiſe of an exhauſted age,
Aſſum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himſelf Oeconomy.
Within the Temple, full in ſight,
Where, without ceaſing, day and night,
The workmen toil'd, where Labour bar'd
His brawny arm, where Art prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a *Printing-preſs* aroſe;

Each workman knew his taſk, and each
Was honeſt and expert as Leach.
Hence Learning ſtruck a deeper root,
And Science brought forth riper fruit;
Hence Loyalty receiv'd ſupport,
Even when baniſh'd from the Court;
Hence Government gain'd ſtrength, and *hence*
Religion ſought, and found defence;
Hence England's faireſt fame aroſe,
And Liberty ſubdu'd her foes.
On a low, ſimple, turf-made throne
Rais'd by *Allegiance*, ſcarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that equality
She wiſh'd to all, ſo far as cou'd
Safely conſiſt with ſocial good,
The Goddeſs ſat; around her head
A chearful radiance Glory ſpread;
Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovelily ſtern, poſſeſs'd a place
On her left-hand, and on her right
Sat Honour, cloath'd with robes of light;
Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which ſome great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt, was offic'd to explain,
And make the baſis of her reign;
Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breaſt
Two ſmiling twin-born infants preſt;
At her feet couching, War was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd;

Juſtice

Juſtice and Mercy, hand in hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And Truth walk'd all about at large;
Health for the royal troop the feaſt
Prepar'd, and Virtue was High-Prieſt.
Such was the fame our *Goddeſs* bore,
Her Temple ſuch in days of yore.
What changes ruthleſs Time preſents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding ſpires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name deſpis'd, her prieſts deſtroy'd,
Her friends diſgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herſelf (by *miniſterial* arts
Depriv'd e'en of the People's hearts,
Whilſt they, to work her ſurer woe,
Feign her to monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
With ſome poor hermit in a cell,
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If ſhe walks forth, ſhe walks *unknown*,
Hooted and pointed at with ſcorn,
As one in ſome ſtrange country born.
Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of ſpoilers, ſeize her place;
With looks, which might the heart diſ-ſeat,
Aud make life ſound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A *ſtaunch, old blood-hound* at their head,

Who,

Who, free from virtue and from awe,
Knew none but the bad part of law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breaſt
Mark'd with a *grey-hound*, ſtood confeſt.
Controulment waited on their nod,
High-wielding Perſecution's rod;
Confuſion follow'd at their heels,
And a *caſt Stateſman* held the ſeals,
Thoſe ſeals, for which he dear ſhall pay,
When awful Juſtice takes her day.
The Printers ſaw—they ſaw and fled—
Science declining, hung her head,
Property in deſpair appear'd,
And for herſelf deſtruction fear'd;
Whilſt under foot the rude ſlaves trod
The works of men, and word of God;
Whilſt, cloſe behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A *bold*, *bad* man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do miſchief) ſet his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Goſpel ſtamp'd an *L*.
LIBERTY fled, her friends withdrew,
Her friends, a faithful, choſen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Cloathing herſelf with Honour's name,
Uſurp'd his ſtation; on the throne
Which LIBERTY once call'd her own,

(Gods,

(Gods, that ſuch mighty ills ſhould ſpring
Under ſo great, ſo good a King,
So lov'd, ſo loving, thro' the arts
Of Stateſmen curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpoſe fit,
Behold in triumph State-Craft ſit.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a State,
Whether to ſtrengthen, or oppoſe!
Falſe are his friends, and firm his foes.
How muſt his ſoul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from ſin to ſin!
What toils he ſuffers, what diſgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Muſt he in jeſt or earneſt fight,
Riſquing for thoſe both life and limb,
Who would not riſque one groat for him!
Under the Temple lay a cave,
Made by ſome guilty, coward ſlave,
Whoſe actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One paſſage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in ſecret lov'd to dwell,

With

With all her tools and ſlaves about her,
Nor fear'd leſt Honeſty ſhould rout her.
In a dark corner, ſhunning ſight
Of man, and ſhrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper thro' the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkneſs, ſhe prepares,
Working unſeen, all kinds of ſnares,
With curious, but deſtructive art:
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,
Gay *ſtars* their tinſel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a Lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave *plumes* of *feathers* for the head;
Garters the hag contrives to make,
Which, as it ſeems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and ſure than chains of ſteel;
Which, ſlipp'd juſt underneath the knee,
Forbid a Freeman to be free;
Purſes ſhe knew (did ever curſe
Travel more ſure than in a purſe?)
Which, by ſome ſtrange and magic bands
Enſlave the ſoul, and tie the hands.
Here Flatt'ry, eldeſt-born of Guile,
Weaves with rare ſkill the ſilken ſmile,
The courtly cringe, the ſupple bow,
The private ſqueeze, the levee vow,
With which, no ſtrange or recent caſe,
Fools *in* deceive fools *out* of place.

Corruption

Corruption (who, in former times,
Thro' fear or ſhame conceal'd her crimes,
And what ſhe did, contriv'd to do it
So that the public might not view it)
Preſumptuous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her buſineſs might
Be done as ſafe as in the night.

Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning ſome dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which ſtood,
All freſh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By Treaſon borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
By which, ſince they improv'd in trade,
Exciſemen have their lanthorns made,
Aſſaſſination, her whole mind
Blood-thirſting, on her arm reclin'd.
Death, grinning, at her elbow ſtood,
And held forth inſtruments of blood,
Vile inſtruments, which cowards chuſe,
But men of honour dare not uſe;
Around his Lordſhip and his Grace,
Both qualified for ſuch a place,
With many a Forbes *, and many a Dun †,
Each a reſolv'd, and pious ſon,

* A Scotch officer who challenged Mr. Wilkes.

† A poor Lunatic, who was charged with an intention to aſſaſſinate Mr. Wilkes.

Wait

Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd,
As ſhe around her orders ſhar'd,
Proof 'gainſt remorſe, to run, to fly,
And bid the deſtin'd victim die,
Poſting on Villainy's black wing,
Whether he Patriot is, or King.
Oppreſſion, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the moſt a rev'rend awe
To breed, uſurp'd the garb of Law.
A book ſhe held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence ſeem'd to riſe
Joy in her breaſt; a book, of might
Moſt wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and without help of laws,
Could make the worſe the better cauſe.
She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wiſh'd, and what ſhe wiſh'd, believ'd,
To make that book for ever ſtand
The rule of wrong through all the land;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter leſſon, Norton's Creed.
Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
Faſt as the courſers of the ſun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-ſtarv'd greyhounds took their ſtand.

A curious

A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a moſt ancient caſtle ſtood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And ſoldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, "the Tow'r;" but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's ſeal,
In bloody letters, "the Baſtille."
Around a table, fully bent
On miſchief of moſt black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer laſt, to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whoſe heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,
And brought thoſe actions into light
They wiſh'd to have conceal'd in night,
Begot, born, bred to infamy,
A Privy-Council ſat of Three;
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour thro' the land of Bute.
The Firſt (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
Who never let occaſion ſlip
To take right-hand of fellowſhip,
And was ſo proud, that ſhould he meet
The twelve Apoſtles in the ſtreet,
He'd turn his noſe up at them all,
And ſhove his Saviour from the wall;

Who

Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
Still go together side by side)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount and ride behind;
Who basely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For *patrons* first, then for a *wife*;
Wrote *Dedications* which must make
The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and drawn by pride,
Shifted about to t' other side)
Was by his sire a Parson made,
Merely to give the boy a trade;
But he himself was thereto drawn
By some faint omens of the lawn,
And on the truly Christian plan
To make himself a Gentleman,
A title, in which form array'd him,
'Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when she made him.
The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wise men do,
With an intent, if things should turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.
Gospel and Loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade;

Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wiſe,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, juſt like a glove;
All Gods, all Kings (let his great aim
Be anſwer'd) were to him the ſame.
A Curate firſt, he read and read,
And laid in, whilſt he ſhould have fed
The ſouls of his neglected flock,
Of reading ſuch a mighty ſtock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary Brain
With more than ſhe could well contain,
More than ſhe was with ſpirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digeſted food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plow
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the Poet's paraſite.
With Wits converſing (and Wits then
Were to be found 'mongſt Noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the ſame;
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with ſinners,
Herded with infidels for dinners;
With ſuch an emphaſis and grace
Blaſphem'd, that Potter kept not pace;

He,

He, in the higheſt reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry ſongs to a Pſalm tune ;
Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his ſalvation for a ſmile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with man ;
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.

To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at leaſt equal to his wit,
And make himſelf a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it :
He wrote too of the Inward Light,
Tho' no one knew how he came by't,
And of that Influencing Grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place :
He wrote too of the Holy Ghoſt,
Of whom no more than doth a poſt
He knew ; nor, ſhould an Angel ſhew him,
Would he or know, or chuſe to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry ſcience
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t' advance his Maker's praiſe,
Comments on rimes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-ſufficient air
Plac'd himſelf in the Critic's chair,

Uſurp'd o'er Reaſon full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain ſimple Man of Law *,
He arm'd dead friends †, to vengeance true,
T' abuſe the man they never knew.
Examine ſtrictly all mankind,
Moſt characters are mix'd, we find;
And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the ſame breaſt to beat and burn.
Our Prieſt was an exception here,
Nor did one ſpark of grace appear,
Not one dull, dim ſpark in his ſoul;
Vice, glorious Vice poſſeſs'd the whole,
And, in her ſervice truly warm,
He was in ſin moſt uniform.
Injurious Satire, own at leaſt
One ſnivelling virtue in the Prieſt,
One ſnivelling virtue which is plac'd,
They ſay, in or about the waiſt,
Call'd Chaſtity; the prudiſh dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife (and in theſe days
Wives ſeldom without reaſon praiſe)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And ſwears that Tom was vaſtly wild.

* Thomas Edwards, Eſq. See Canons of Criticiſm.

† See Notes to Pope.

Ripen'd

Ripen'd by a long courſe of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In ſhape ſcarce of the human kind;
A man, without a manly mind;
No huſband, tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No father; injur'd, without end
A foe; and tho' oblig'd, no friend;
A heart, which Virtue ne'er diſgrac'd;
A head, where Learning runs to waſte;
A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Reſts in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A judge of genius, tho' confeſt
With not one ſpark of genius bleſt;
Amongſt the firſt of critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of taſte;
A Chriſtian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongſt Turks;
A great divine, as Lords agree,
Without the leaſt divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A falſe Saint, and true Hypocrite.

Next ſat a *Lawyer*, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when Pride

And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, ſtood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
This bold, bad man aroſe to view,
And gave his hand to help them through.
Steel'd 'gainſt compaſſion, as they paſt,
He ſaw poor Freedom breathe her laſt;
He ſaw her ſtruggle, heard her groan,
He ſaw her helpleſs and alone,
Whelm'd in that ſtorm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By ſlaves leſs bold, himſelf had rais'd.
Bred to the law, he from the firſt
Of all bad lawyers was the worſt.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime;
He, for a prodigy deſign'd
To ſpread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave, and perfect dunce.
Who will for him may boaſt of ſenſe,
His better guard is Impudence.
His front, with ten-fold plates of braſs
Secur'd, Shame never yet could paſs,
Nor on the ſurface of his ſkin
Bluſh for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often in contempt of laws,
To ſcund the bottom of a cauſe,

To

To ſearch out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on falſe pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of truſting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, e'en in open court,
Hath the wretch made his ſhame his ſport,
And laugh'd off, with a villain's eaſe,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had ſtruck a little villain dead.
Cauſes, whatever their import,
He undertakes, to ſerve a Court;
For he by heart this rule had got,
Pow'r can effect, what Law cannot.
Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
His weak ſoul ſickens at the ſight,
And ſtrives to plunge them down in night.
So loud he talks, ſo very loud,
He is an Angel with the crowd,
Whilſt he makes Juſtice hang her head,
And Judges turn from pale to red.
Bid all that Nature, on a plan
Moſt intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the fool and wiſe,

Knock at his heart; they knock in vain,
No entrance there ſuch ſuitors gain.
Bid kneeling Kings forſake the throne;
Bid at his feet his Country groan;
Bid Liberty ſtretch out her hands;
Religion plead her ſtronger bands;
Bid parents, children, wife, and friends;
If they come, 'thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.
Who will for him may cant and whine,
And let weak Conſcience with her line
Chalk out their ways; ſuch ſtarving rules
Are only fit for coward fools,
Fellows who credit what Prieſts tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;
His ſpirit dares contend with grace,
And meets damnation face to face.
Such was our *Lawyer*; by his ſide,
In all bad qualities allied,
In all bad counſels, ſat a *third*,
By birth a Lord. O ſacred word!
O word moſt ſacred, whence men get
A privilege to run in debt;
Whence they at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her ſervant Shame;
Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her courſe.

Conſult

Conſult his perſon, dreſs, and air,
He ſeems, which ſtrangers well might ſwear,
The Maſter, or by *courteſy*,
The Captain of a Colliery.
Look at his viſage, and agree
Half-hang'd he ſeems, juſt from the tree
Eſcap'd; a rope may ſometimes break,
Or men be cut down by miſtake.
He hath not virtue, (in the ſchool
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he ſenſe (which none can doubt
Who know the man) to live without.
His life is a continued ſcene
Of all that's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unleſs grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice;
Nature deſign'd him, in a rage,
To be the Wharton of his age,
But, having giv'n all the ſin,
Forgot to put the Virtues in.
To run a horſe, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To ſweat a woman of the town,
By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
In turn to give a pox, or take it,
He is, in faith, moſt excellent,
And in the word's moſt full intent,

A true

A true Choice Spirit we admit;
With Wits a Fool, with Fools a Wit:
Hear him but talk, and you would ſwear
Obſcenity herſelf was there;
And that Prophaneneſs had made choice,
By way of trump, to uſe his voice;
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at *Billingſgate*;
And that, aſcending to the earth
Before the ſeaſon of his birth,
Blaſphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb;
Too honeſt (for the worſt of men
In forms are honeſt now and then)
Not to have, in the uſual way,
His bills ſent in; too great, to pay;
Too proud to ſpeak to, if he meets,
The honeſt tradeſman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whoſe weight
Earth groans; who hath been ſpar'd by Fate
Only to ſhew, on Mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.
Such were the Three, who, mocking ſleep,
At midnight ſat, in counſel deep,
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a head,
Whoſe wiſdom could not be miſled;

Plotting

Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a heart,
Which ne'er from honour would depart.
" Is he not rank'd amongſt our foes?
" Hath not his ſpirit dar'd oppoſe
" Our deareſt meaſures, made our name
" Stand forward on the roll of ſhame?
" Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
" By ſcorning menaces and bribes,
" And proving, that his darling cauſe
" Is of their Liberties and Laws
" To ſtand the champion? In a word,
" Nor need one argument be heard
" Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
" To quicken our reſolves, and ſteel
" Our ſteady ſouls to bloody bent,
" (Sure ruin to each dear intent,
" Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,
" Hath dar'd to make the *Truth* appear."
They ſaid, and, by reſentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought;
Each, bent on miſchief, rack'd his brain
To her full ſtretch, but rack'd in vain;
Scheme after ſcheme they brought to view;
All were examin'd, none would do.
When Fraud, with pleaſure in her face,
Forth iſſu'd from her hiding-place,
And at the table where they meet,
Firſt having bleſt them, took her ſeat.

" No

" No trifling cauſe, my darling boys,
" Your preſent thoughts and cares employs;
" No common ſnare, no random blow
" Can work the bane of ſuch a foe:
" By Nature cautious as he's brave,
" To *Honour* only he's a ſlave;
" In that weak part without defence,
" We muſt to *Honour* make pretence:
" That lure ſhall to his ruin draw
" The wretch, who ſtands ſecure in law.
" Nor think that I have idly plann'd
" This full-ripe ſcheme; behold at hand,
" With three months training on his head,
" An inſtrument, whom I have bred,
" Born of theſe bowels, far from ſight
" Of Virtue's falſe, but glaring light,
" My youngeſt-born, my deareſt joy,
" Moſt like myſelf, my darling boy.
" He, never touch'd with vile remorſe,
" Reſolv'd and crafty in his courſe,
" Shall work our ends, complete our ſchemes,
" Moſt *mine*, when moſt he *Honour*'s ſeems;
" Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
" So firm and full a ſlave of Fraud."
She ſaid, and from each envious ſon
A diſcontented murmur run
Around the table; all in place
Thought his full praiſe their own diſgrace,

Wond'ring

Wond'ring what ſtranger ſhe had got,
Who had one vice that they had not.
When ſtrait the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour, to their view
M——, *the Duelliſt*, came forth;
All knew, and all confeſt his worth,
All juſtified, with ſmiles array'd,
The happy choice their dam had made.

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